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### LITERATURE.

*Journal and Letters of W. Stanley Jevons.*  
Edited by his Wife. (Macmillan.)

THE life of Jevons was not eventful. His letters and journal contain few striking incidents, no romantic adventures. His youthful rambles in the interior of Australia, and his homeward journey by way of America, form the only portion of the book which can be properly called entertaining. The young philosopher, as he surveyed mankind from Sydney to Peru, sketched graphically each object which struck his observant eye—the goldfields of Victoria, the churches of Lima, the ladies of Havanna. There are also travels in Norway, and frequent visits to cathedral towns and other spots of interest in England. But the letters which record these expeditions do not abound in vivid imagery. Their value is of a different, perhaps a higher, order. They illustrate by many a little trait the sober simplicity of character and single-mindedness of the writer. In short, the interest of the book is mainly spiritual. There is here the story of a great life-purpose early formed, steadily pursued, and splendidly realised.

Jevons was still a boy studying at University College School when he began to think that he could and ought to do more than others. He felt it almost presumptuous to pronounce to himself the hopes which he had formed. "Time alone could reveal whether they were empty or real." Meanwhile he devoted himself to multifarious studies. At University College he made great progress in botany, chemistry, and other branches of natural science. He had that unspecialised love for all kinds of knowledge which, according to Plato, is the mark of the philosophic character. His ever widening studies were interrupted by an appointment which he owed to his proficiency in chemistry. At the age of eighteen he went out as assayer to the newly formed mint of Sydney. In the comparative seclusion of that position the young spirit had leisure to commune with itself. There was formed a deep purpose, which is described as a sort of "second nature," of "one wish, or one intention, viz., to be a powerful good in the world."

"It is highly important for me to determine what my mind is, since it is the most important of the elements of the powers I mean. . . . I have scarcely a spark of imagination and no spark of wit. I have but a poor memory, and consequently can retain only a small portion of learning at any one time. . . . But I am not so much a storehouse of goods as I am a machine for making those goods. . . . My mind is of the most regular structure, and I have such a strong disposition to classify things as is sometimes almost painful."

The future economist reflects that the greatest results are produced by proportioning preparation to performance. A man who should buy a spade and barrow, and set to work at once digging away at a railway cutting, would produce far less than if he, as it were, invested his labour in study, and made himself a Stephenson, more valuable than a hundred thousand navvies. "It is quite sufficient," writes Jevons, at the age of twenty-three, "if after a life of forty or seventy years a person can look back and say that he has done something."

While wisdom after this fashion "pruned her feathers and let grow her wings," she did not find "retired solitude" altogether sweet. The antipodes did not appear to Jevons to afford a favourable nidus for the development of his scientific aspirations. He longed to complete his university education, to lead the life of letters and philosophy. There were weighty material considerations against this course. He had a certain income in Australia; at home but the uncertain prospects of literature and education. The Jevonian calculus of pleasure—the balance of probabilities and utilities—was never employed in a more interesting case.

"I ask is everything to be swamped with gold? Because I have a surety of an easy, well-paid post here, am I to sacrifice everything that I really desire and that will, I think, prove a really useful way of spending life?"

These moral calculations will be followed with great interest by all who may be called upon to make a similar choice. There are, indeed, few young men who can possess so just a confidence in their powers as Jevons. On the other hand, there are not many who at the age of twenty-three are making an annual income of £600, with a certain prospect of more than £1,000. A more numerous class consists of those who have to balance the probabilities of material success against the possibilities of a larger life. For such it is instructive to record the doubts and the decision of Jevons. He refused for the sake of livelihood to ruin the cause for which he lived. He threw up his appointment at the mint. He exchanged the bright skies of Australia for the smoke of London. He sat once more at the feet of De Morgan. He added to the physical sciences political economy and philosophy. He passed through College and University with distinction, but not without one slight disappointment. Whoever has reason to complain of the fortune of examinations may lay to heart the fate of Jevons, who came out only third or fourth in political economy in spite of, or rather, indeed, in consequence of, his indubitable originality.

Success had attended the first bold step of the ambitious youth. He had completed his education. He had entered upon the career of science. But the external conditions of the theoretic life, the material provision which the philosopher, however frugal, cannot dispense with, were still to seek. The talents of Jevons, however splendid, might prove not marketable. The very variety of his powers was against him. He seemed to follow wherever his intellectual appetite led rather than to keep an eye on "the main chance."

"As I take up each new subject, and get a few facts about it, my interest and hopes rise so highly and suddenly that I can think of nothing

else. . . . After working a few months at it very hard, the interest of the new discovery ceases. . . . A breath of doubt and disgust seems to dispel the illusion, and I soon become as much depressed as I was before excited."

Jevons may be regarded as fortunate in obtaining a post as tutor at Owen's College. From tutor in process of time he became professor.

Meanwhile his original researches flourished. His statistical papers commanded attention. His book upon *The Coal Question* was discussed in Parliament and by the press. Jevons was not indifferent to fame. The entries in his journal at this period evince a proud humility, compounded of a just sense of the importance of his work and a reverential reference to the Source of all power. And now the mathematical theory of political economy, early conceived and long cherished, began to take shape. It was not at first very warmly welcomed by the scientific world. Cairnes, in a cumbrous criticism, succeeded in showing how completely mere common-sense, attempting to deal with a quasi-mathematical subject, can miss the point. Jevons took very good-humouredly the adverse comment which was heaped upon him. It was sufficient for him that he should be applauded by one competent critic, Mr. George Darwin, to whose favourable testimony we may observe has since been added the weighty authority of Prof. Marshall and Prof. Sidgwick. By contributing to the abstract theory of value, Jevons has obtained a niche in the temple of the immortals. His immediate popularity was more promoted by the less abstruse essays which have been lately republished under the title of *Methods of Social Reform*. He not only cultivated economic science by digging down to the roots, but he also gathered its fairest fruits.

And now the "capitalisation" of his life, which Jevons had designed so early, began to bring in returns. He was about to reap the "rewards of abstinence"—of abstaining from the gold of Australia. The laboriously prepared stores of learning, and the power accumulated by a prolonged study of all the methods of all the sciences, were being applied to the production of a great book on Political Economy, which would probably have been one of the most considerable works on the subject which have appeared since the days of Cantillon and Adam Smith. But, alas! as he himself had perceived, we may capitalise our lives, but we cannot insure the investment. "You cannot effect an insurance upon such capital; it is life itself, and life and every hope and every return, except the inner return of a peaceful mind, may any day suffer a sudden shipwreck."

It should be observed, however, that the fatal event which terminated the career of Jevons was no mere accident. It was prepared by the state of health into which he had fallen. He had impaired his constitution by too unremitting labour. Especially in the earlier years of his appointment at Manchester he had found the work of teaching very oppressive. The subjects were various—we read of Greek and Latin as well as the moral sciences; and the hours were long. The fatigues of the evening lecture painfully illustrated the Jevonian theory of the "final disutility" of labour. The work would not have been excessive, if there had not been

superadded the self-imposed tasks of original research. The labour of manufacturing, in addition to that of distributing, knowledge was too much for Jevons. He might have prolonged his life, if he had abridged his work by abandoning the pursuit of science. But he was not one who would consent to

"quit immortal praise  
For years and years and long-extended days."

The example of a noble life is not the only lesson which these *Journal and Letters* inculcate. The judicious selection which the editor has made enables us to learn the opinions of Jevons on most of the great interests of human life. It is instructive to consider the views of such a man on all those subjects which are amenable to the principle of authority, concerning which, however philosophers may reason, the majority of mankind are largely influenced by sympathy and example. The religious opinions of Jevons may be conjectured from his *Principles of Science*. They are fully stated in the book before us. He was a sincere, but not a bigoted, theist.

"God is but the embodiment of the first and greatest principle of the world—viz., universal good, order tending towards good, design—all coming under the comprehensive term Providence; and Christ I conceive to be an example of a Perfect Man, and of the relation which such a character must bear to God."

Among the unfinished works of Jevons is a "Tenth Bridgewater Treatise," in which he designed to vindicate the ways of God to a materialistic age. Some fragments of this interesting document are added to the *Journal and Letters*. The writer looks for an immortality more adapted than the present scene to the highest aspirations of the soul. Prayer does not appear vain to him. To ask for any concrete object, indeed, "borders upon impiety. . . . But are there no other petitions which we can make? Cannot we ask that God instead of bending His course to ours, will bend our course to His." Piety, in the special sense of domestic virtue, may be ascribed in a high degree to Jevons. "Pius" and "Pater" would be epithets peculiarly applicable to him. All the charities of family life were recommended by his example. Like Aristotle, he did not think it good for the philosopher to be alone. His remarks upon the celibacy of Locke and Newton are very curious. Upon politics Jevons did not pretend to a certainty which his acquaintance with scientific method taught him was unattainable. "About politics I confess myself in a fog. . . . I prefer to leave *la haute politique* alone, as a subject which admits of no scientific treatment." He was eminently a "scorner of the party cry."

"I cannot consent with the Radical party to obliterate a glorious past, nor can I consent with the Conservatives to prolong abuses into the present. I wish with all my heart to aid in securing all that is good for the masses, yet to give them all they wish and are striving for is to endanger much that is good beyond their comprehension."

His views about the crisis in Ireland would not satisfy the extreme partisans of any faction. The subject of land tenure might admit of theoretical treatment; but concerning the expediency of "coercion," he expressed himself without confidence or con-

sistency. His opinions about art are more decided. He writes from Rome:

"Having now seen what are considered to be the finest pictures in the world, I venture to come to the opinion, in which I suppose I am nearly alone, that the mediaeval art was for the most part a delusion. . . . The interminable succession of Madonnas and martyrs undergoing all sorts of operations are wearisome when they are not revolting. My own opinion is that a great deal which is now thought so wonderfully beautiful will one or two centuries hence be classed with the architecture of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries as absurd and degraded. . . . With the ancient Greek and Roman art I am charmed."

The well-known views of Jevons upon logic and scientific method receive additional illustration in these pages. It is interesting to observe how early he recognised the supremacy of mathematics. His allegiance to that queen of the sciences is renewed at every period of his life. For instance, in his twenty-fourth year, he thus writes:

"I wish especially to become a good mathematician, without which nothing, I am convinced, can be thoroughly done. Most of my theories proceed upon a kind of mathematical basis."

Upon most of these subjects peculiar weight attaches to the judgment of a mind so original, so disengaged from sect and party. The idols of the forum and the theatre had no place in that serene intellect. The only point where we may suspect some sort of prejudice is where he differed from Mill. The tone of that regrettable polemic is not softened in these pages. Must we say of Jevons what he himself says of Cairnes—his "own speculations are probably much more sound than his objections to other people's speculations."

F. Y. EDGEWORTH.

#### *The Western Pacific and New Guinea.* By Hugh Hastings Romilly, Deputy Commissioner for the Western Pacific. (John Murray.)

The subsidiary title of this book describes it as "Notes on the Natives, Christian and Cannibal, with some Account of the old Labour Trade." The editor tells us that it was written to pass the time while the author was incapacitated by a tedious illness; and Mr. Romilly himself in the introduction, dating from Port Moresby, explains that his "object is not so much to give a minute account of any one island or group of islands, as by touching shortly on some of the most noticeable peculiarities of different tribes, to give, if possible, a general idea of the present condition of the Western Pacific, south of the Equator."

There are in all twelve chapters; one dealing with the islands in general, six dealing with special groups, one on New Guinea, three on the white invaders and their doings, and one, appropriately enough sandwiched between the accounts of the Solomons and New Hanover, on poisoned arrows.

Passing over the first chapter, which is of comparatively little importance, we get introduced to the inhabitants of New Britain, or, as we must now learn to call it, Neu Pommern. The notes concerning them, and, more especially, as regards their use of the sling, the prevalence among them of congenital deformities of hands and feet, their

extraordinary shell-money, and that most curious mystic institution "Duk-Duk," are all very interesting. The climate, we are told, is exceedingly unhealthy, worse even than that of the New Guinea swamps.

From New Britain we cross over to New Ireland, from Neu Pommern to Neu Mecklenburg, where it is mainly the character of the inhabitants with which the author is concerned. The result is certainly anything but cheering to the lauders of the noble savage or the friends of social progress. The New Irelanders have always been painted black, and, to say the least, Mr. Romilly does not whitewash them. He was the fortunate, or unfortunate, eye-witness of a great inter-tribal fight, which he describes from the preliminary Homeric boasting to the sanguinary close with considerable graphic power. He was also freely permitted to be present at the subsequent cannibal feast, and to witness all the gruesome preparatory processes; and, so far as decency would allow, he has told an unvarnished tale. Incidentally, he even disposes of extenuating circumstances; for, whereas in Fiji of bygone days a semi-religious feeling attached to the practice, and in the Solomons of to-day only certain families have a right to human flesh as a perquisite, we are told that "in New Ireland human flesh is eaten in the most open matter-of-fact way, by young and old, women and children; and it was spoken of as delicious food, far superior to pork." Manifestly there is a wide field here for the exercise of the benignant influence of the German protectorate.

The chapter on the Solomon Islands does not contain so much fresh information as one could have wished, considering how little we know of the group, and how much there is to be learned. Among the points taken up are the decrease of population, head-hunting, and sorcery; a little colour is also added by an amusing page or two on White Society (?) and the abnormal size of traders' families. Mr. Romilly strongly recommends the Solomons to the attention of yachtsmen; and we think there can be little doubt that if the proper season were chosen, and some preliminary effort made to gather together the more important scraps of useful information about the group, exceptional enjoyment could be had. Cruises of this kind, if judiciously managed, might also be the means of rapidly adding to our knowledge of the inhabitants and their homes.

New Britain, New Ireland, and the Solomons having been thus dealt with, our author turns to several smaller groups, which lie, roughly speaking, between the former and New Guinea. These are New Hanover, the Admiralties, Hermits, Exchequers, and Anchorites, all more or less, from their northerly position, within the German sphere of action; and the Woodlands, Laughlans, Trobriands, and Louisiades, on the British side of the demarcation line. The notes on some of these groups are very brief; perhaps the most interesting is in regard to Jesus Maria, one of the Admiralties. Here, we may note in passing, Mr. Romilly was greatly surprised on his arrival to find a white man at work on the beach. He expresses no surprise, however, at learning next day that the solitary white was a Scotchman, by name

Donald Dow. The small islands next touched on are widely separated from one another—Tongatabu, Niafu, Rotumah, and Wallis; and still wider apart are the two to which chap. viii. is devoted—Thursday Island and Norfolk Island. The author's matter here is a little less attractive, probably for the simple reason that he has led us on to ground already tolerably well-known. As for the chapter on New Guinea, one is bound to feel it a little unsatisfying, when recent political movements have so much intensified the craving for information about the land and its people. The very graphic notes on the natives of Astrolabe Bay, which Mr. Romilly quotes from his diary for June, 1881, serve but as a text for the expression of our regret that well-written descriptions of this kind by an observant eye-witness should be delayed in publication for five years. Had Mr. Romilly been a German, we may rest satisfied that this would not have been the case; some secretary of the numerous geographical societies of that country would very soon have had his MS. in print. We trust that the officials of our own new societies will soon begin to show something of the same zeal, and that Mr. Romilly will be encouraged to give us at an early date any fresh observations he may have been able to make in his new position as Acting Special Commissioner for New Guinea.

Of the chapters on the whites in the Pacific we have only space to say that they are very agreeably written, and lit up occasionally with gleams of kindly humour. The sketch of buccaneer "Bully Hayes" was certainly worth preserving. The conclusions arrived at in the chapter on "Poisoned Arrows" should be made widely known in the Pacific. After critically reviewing all the more important evidence on the subject, our author says:

"If it were only possible to make people believe all this, and that the wound of a poisoned arrow ought in reality to be only a trifling affair, we should have far fewer deaths than at present is the case."

After a careful perusal of Mr. Romilly's book we can most cordially commend it. He has accomplished admirably what he aimed at. His notes are eminently readable and entertaining, and to those who have not made any special study of the Western Pacific they will be found very pleasantly instructive.

The map, we regret to say, is not at all creditable to the publisher. It bears no evidence of having been prepared for this particular book, considerably more than the half of it being utterly beyond the sphere of Mr. Romilly's labours, and many of the places he mentions, even some of the island groups, being entirely unrepresented on it. The best that can be said for it is that it is much more appropriate here than in another book in which it does service, Baron von Hübner's *Through the British Empire*.

THOMAS MUIR.

#### Poems. By Thomas Ashe. (Bell.)

NEITHER author nor printer ushered this book into the world in an attractive way: the former determined to publish too much at once; the latter to pack that overgrown bulk into too small a space. Nearly 350 double-columned pages of small print; more than

three hundred poems, some of considerable length, as, e.g., "Edith," "The Sorrows of Hypsipyle," "Pictures of Psyche"—these things require some measure of "that tough faculty of reading" of which the world could not deny the credit to Herr Teufelsdröckh. Then the reader's task is not facilitated by the equality of the poems. There is so little that is really markedly good, and so very little that is bad or affected, that one feels, in reading them, like a traveller without a compass pursuing his way on a level road without milestones. The book is not exactly dry—it is full of graceful and gentle thoughts—but it is monotonous. A fifth part of it would make a far pleasanter book.

Wordsworth, whose influence is agreeably visible throughout, has infected Mr. Ashe with a notion not altogether conducive to self-criticism. The idea that all thoughts worth thinking are also worth poetic expression misleads a man to whom metre comes easily into excess of productiveness. Let me illustrate what I mean from "An Idyll of Haddon" (pp. 19-24), a poem in two parts: the first descriptive of the walk from Buxton to Haddon; the second, a short family idyll of Haddon Hall. Part i. ends with the necessary, yet poetically superfluous, evening meal of the tourist.

"There first a cloth of snowy white was spread,  
Clean-wash'd and chaste, smooth'd out from  
edge to edge;  
And then a wheaten loaf, scarce cool, and cheese  
Of primest taste, that rotted here and there  
To spots of blue; and butter, pale as cream,  
Or with the faintest tint of buttermilk;  
And cresses, green and fresh, wet from the  
brooks;  
And froth of foaming ale, pour'd nigh a yard,  
Through yielding air, from pitcher brown and  
old.

That sparkled o'er a pewter, crowning all."

Wordsworth can do this sort of thing; so can Miss Ingelow; even the Poet Laureate (in his youth) gave us in "Audley Court" a rapturous line or two on cold pigeon pie. I will not beg the question by affirming that such work is not worth doing; suffice it to ask whether any man in the world, who could turn a verse or cut prose in lengths, could not idealise his meals, or his walking boots either, as well as Mr. Ashe has done? It takes something more than correct scansion, and an accurate recital of the facts of the case and the qualities of the cheese, to make endurable poetry: the trivial, when pretentiously put, is intolerable. And this "alacrity in sinking" is the more to be regretted in Mr. Ashe, that he knows how to soar.

"The Sorrows of Hypsipyle" (pp. 114-144), a short classical drama in two parts, is unquestionably a fine poem—stiff, but dignified, in the dialogue, and not ungraceful in the choric part and the *κορυφός*. One could wish that Mr. Ashe had approached his theme more ambitiously. The domestic tragedy of Lemnos—those *Λύμνια πτίματα* which Aeschylus reckoned as the summit of human sin—have hardly had their due in English poetry; and Mr. Ashe has been stirred by the pathetic sequel rather than by the original tragedy. But what he has done is good. Would there were more of it, to the exclusion of his lighter efforts!

The poem that follows, "Edith," is a novel in what may perhaps be called colloquial hexameters. Poetically it is a failure, from the

constant intrusion of the commonplace; as a novel or domestic melodrama it would do very well. The rector's daughter, Edith Trevor—engaged to her cousin, Berthold Trevor—finds the prospect rather *triste* and unromantic. Foulque Alphonse Dubois—bearded, handsome, Parisian—comes, sees, and conquers; flight, desertion, poverty; then Berthold to the rescue, illness, faithful nursing, recovery, wedlock, and all goes happy henceforth in the peaceful hamlet of Orton, in Cheshire. It is the very touch of melodrama; but, in hexameters, it is wearisome in the extreme.

And something of the same defect in literary tact goes far to spoil the "Pictures of Psyche." There (pp. 97-113) are eight vignettes of Apuleius's tale of Eros and Psyche— prettily told, but spoiled by their setting. Mildred and Guy are on the lake of Geneva, and between each episode of the story they chatter affectionately. The result is exactly like the irritation, during an eloquent sermon, of hearing the paper rustle, or a constantly recurring cough. Mr. Ashe clearly overrates his talent for making the colloquial interesting.

Among the "Later Poems," those on Wales are far the best; and among these, again, the best, I think, is "Llyn Tegid" (p. 283) in the metre of "In Memoriam." The last stanza is weak, and might well be omitted. "Psamathe" (p. 210) has a pleasant touch of Landor's manner.

The translations that occupy the last forty pages do not call for much comment. Those from "Faust" rather lack vigour; those from the French are better, and one or two from Heine come as near to the unapproachable as can fairly be expected. The general character of the book is ease and grace, without strength or imagination enough to avoid the trivial and commonplace. The following sonnet is a favourable specimen (p. 15):

"Brook, happy brook, the merriest in our dells,  
Go tripping with light foot adown the mead;  
With lingering haste your winding water  
lead,  
By pebble-beds and reeds, and foxglove bells;  
And find the cottage where my dear one dwells.  
Ripple your sweetest ripple, sing the best  
Of melodies you have; lull her to rest  
With softer tales than many a brooklet tells.  
Say, 'One is sitting in your wood to-night,  
O maiden rare, to catch a glimpse of you;  
Or see your shadow, with the taper's light,  
Fall on the little lawn and evening dew.'

Brook, happy brook, I pray go lingering;

And underneath the rose-twined lattice sing..."

This is pretty and graceful; but, except in the classical poems, such as "The Sorrows of Hypsipyle" and "Psamathe," there is not much that reaches beyond prettiness and grace.

E. D. A. MORSHEAD.

*Reminiscences of the Court and Times of King Ernest of Hanover.* By the Rev. C. Alix Wilkinson. (Hurst & Blackett.)

ONE German court resembles another in the essential features of its life. Everywhere there was, and is, the same unrelaxing etiquette, which used to be often ridiculously out of keeping with the homeliness of material splendours and the scantiness of military resources. In Germany all men and women bear a kind of social label, and fall quite naturally into their places in society, nourish-

ing no English ambition for change where such ambitions would be almost always hopeless. Court and social etiquette is more purely formal in Germany than elsewhere. It reigns supreme on public and festival occasions; but it has no connexion with good manners, in which there is no well-defined convention. German social life, apart from its public functions, often strikes an Englishman as lacking both the unreasonable and the reasonable restraints of English society. On the whole, an Englishman usually thinks that the pleasantest Germans are those who have lived for some time in England, and who combine the advantages of their native and foreign education.

Mr. Wilkinson, who was court chaplain for many years to King Ernest of Hanover, continued during his whole residence at the Hanoverian Court to look at his surroundings through English spectacles, and his account of what he saw is always interesting and usually very amusing. The personality of the worthy chaplain himself is the most prominent in his book; but it is such a genial, good humoured, and good-mannered personality, that it never becomes a bore to the reader. The author is constantly reminding us that he is an old Etonian, and has a good word for Etonians wherever he meets them. He asserts (and it is partly true) that the ambition of all travelled foreigners is to acquire English ways and habits; and it is a great source of fun to him to observe their attempts to be English. The Court of Hanover gave him many opportunities of meeting types of every nation in Europe, and his book is, therefore, a kind of cosmopolitan kaleidoscope, in which one never knows what strange figure will appear next. It has little historical value; but as a social study it is peculiarly successful, on account of its candour and its conversational ease. While we read it we seem to be in the company of a gentleman of the old school, who will still be talking, and to whom we listen for an hour or so with pleasure, and even with respect.

Next to the author's own personality, that of his royal patron pervades the book. It would have been difficult to make a hero of the noted, or rather notorious, Duke of Cumberland, whom public opinion accused of every crime in the decalogue. Mr. Wilkinson does not attempt this. His portrait of King Ernest bears the stamp of truth; and where he discovers anything to admire, his moderation in presenting it gives authority to his opinion. He has a good deal to say in his first chapter about the horrible death of the valet, Sellis, whom the duke was suspected of having murdered, but who probably first attempted to assassinate the duke and then slew himself. One small piece of first-hand evidence on this point is neatly, almost artistically, introduced in connexion with a pretty little incident at a children's party given by the court chaplain himself. The king at the last moment expressed a wish to be present; and though Mr. Wilkinson had made no preparations to receive royalty, he welcomed the old monarch, who seems to have enjoyed the fun as much as the children. This is the incident. The children in their play would rush past his majesty, and, "in their utter absence of fear or thought of

whose presence they were in actually clung round his majesty's leg (as I saw one) to make it the turning point of the race a few of them were running. One of four years old—it happened to be my own little daughter—the king entrapped, raised up and kissed her; and his majesty was, I hope, too blind to see what a face she made, and how she wiped her cheek which had been tickled by the long, white moustache. She ran up to me and said, 'Oh, papa, what a *Loch* (hole) 'he's got in his Kopf!' (head). This remark from the little child . . . was a strong confirmation of Sir Everard Horne's evidence at the inquest—that the would-be assassin had given his majesty a fearful blow with the sabre which smashed the skull so that the brain was seen pulsating."

Mr. Wilkinson's book is full of reminiscences of this kind. Hardly one of them is of any importance in itself, but they serve to illustrate the life amid which this worthy court chaplain moved with such ease and also with such circumspection. Some of the anecdotes have a strong spice of the world and the flesh, but none have anything worse. The ladies of King Ernest's court seem to have been much like the ladies of any other German court, with ears not too sensitive, with judgments too harsh and ready in condemning others (especially others whose beauty made them enviable), and a trifle too lenient in their estimate of their "*gnadige*" selves. The stories Mr. Wilkinson tells are almost all fresh, and bear on them the evidence of their own truth. The king's reproof to the abbess has in it a smack of something old; but it no doubt occurred just as Mr. Wilkinson records it, though the king may have been guided in his action by precedent. The reminiscences of the Crown Prince, afterwards the blind and exiled King George, and of his gracious princess have an almost romantic interest. The spirit of English Christianity, so unintelligible to most foreigners, sustains the narrative throughout; and next to its interest as a lively picture of a bygone scene in the pageantry of this century, Mr. Wilkinson's book will deserve a place among contemporary studies of the lives and teachings of typical representatives of his cloth.

GEORGE SAUNDERS.

#### *Floating Flies, and how to dress them.* By F. M. Halford. (Sampson Low.)

To angling of all arts time, until quite recent days, brought no improvement. Cotton fished in the middle of the fifteenth century with rod, reel, and artificial flies. So did his follower in the middle of the nineteenth; and, what is more, the flies used by both were much the same, only they have now different names. Then came from about 1860 onwards a revival of angling. Clubs were formed everywhere for its prosecution; its old literature was looked up; an immense body of modern fishing literature was added; and the Fisheries Exhibition put the coping-stone to the fabric of its popularity. Now every second man met in the country is an angler, and it is matter of amazement how any fish survive the inroads of the angling hosts which each summer visit Scotland. Only in the last two years has any decided improvement emerged in fly-fishing. Then Mr. Hall invented eyed-hooks (or, rather, brought them again into notice, for eyed-hooks were, accord-

ing to Mr. Evans, in use with the prehistoric bronze races), and, by bending back the eyes, caused the artificial flies tied on the hooks to float better than the ordinary hooks. Naturally a controversy has arisen whether this bend should be up or down, and hot partisans favour each position. It is more to the point to remark that the eye from its swinging attachment leaves the hook less liable to snap off than in the ordinary fastening.

Here comes in another improvement. Trout in clear chalk streams see their persecutors at a great distance; and, after being much harassed by fishing, learn to distrust every artificial fly, unless most cunningly tied and most deftly thrown. Experience shows that it is of little or no use to tempt trout from these pellucid streams by the old method of casting wet flies to them, so there has sprung up of late a more effectual plan of hooking chalk stream trout by angling with a dry fly. This is cast lightly over a fish which is seen rising (an essential part of the process); and if cleverly cast, and the angler has kept out of sight, and the wind is favourable, and half-a-dozen more contingencies have happened, it is possible that trout may ultimately be caught. Every frequenter of a chalk stream, however, knows how many chances there are against his success. In Kingsley's time straightforward robust fly-fishing generally answered; neither fish nor fishermen thought of anything but whether a fly was red, green, or yellow; now aesthetic influences have penetrated, it seems, even to the small brain-capacities of trout. They appreciate rich brown olive shades, iron blues, canary yellows, the delicate changeable iridescence of a dove's neck cunningly fixed on an artificial midge's body. Happier, perhaps, are pre-scientific trout and anglers. Happier to stroll by a Scotch burn and capture unsophisticated trout with red, green, or yellow-bodied flies, and hooks tied according to the scraps of crewels found in the pocket, than with the tenderest shades of a ginger cock's hackle and primrose floss silk find ourselves trying to circumvent a cunning old trout on the Old Barge water.

If this latter diversion, however, be more to a man's mind, Mr. Halford here equips him with all that is known on floating flies. First he teaches how to connect eyed-hooks with the foot-link of the angler's line; and the latter must be slow of apprehension if the figures and lucid descriptions here given puzzle him. An excellent chapter once more goes through the whole art of fly-making, and by the aid of magnified diagrams makes matters plain to the meanest capacity. The flies themselves, some eighty in number, are described (not entomologically, but according to their dressing), and each one figured; while the work winds up with a capital chapter on the whole art of fishing with the dry fly. Whether the angler thinks that too much is made of this new style of fishing or not, he can scarcely peruse this chapter without carrying away some wrinkles which will stand him in good stead when he next seeks the river-side.

We must recur for a moment to these coloured plates of artificial flies. In their own line no more admirable and delicate figures have ever been published. The plates are all coloured by hand, and far

exceed those in Ronalds's book. They surpass Webster's recently published figures, while those in the American book of Orvis and Cheney cannot even be compared with them for delicacy of shade. It is not fair to put them beside Curtis's figures of the real insect in the *British Entomology*; but for their own purpose they are unrivalled, and will, it may be hoped, serve as a standard to the fanciful productions of the tackle-sellers which have in most cases drifted very far from the imitation of their originals, being copies of copies, and often, it may be added, bad copies of poor copies. As we gaze at these beautiful delineations, and are now fascinated by the Cinnamon Quill, now by the Detached Badger, and anon dazzled by the Blue Duns, it is but a step to ask if these delicate combinations of silk and feathers—plumes from the wing of Iris—are imperatively necessary for a man to catch trout at present, what will become of the anglers of the future? Doubtless they will look back fondly upon the members of the Houghton Club and their floating flies and murmur

"Hos utinam inter  
Heroas natum tellus me prima tulisset!"

M. G. WATKINS.

#### NEW NOVELS.

*The Silver Dial.* By Mary C. Rowsell. In 3 vols. (Sonnenschein.)

*A Lucky Young Woman.* By F. C. Philips. In 3 vols. (Ward & Downey.)

*A Daughter of the Gods.* By Jane Stanley. In 2 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

*The Curate's Wife.* By J. E. Panton. In 2 vols. (George Redway.)

*Link by Link.* By Cecil Courtenay. (Bevington.)

*The Pearl of Lisnadoon.* By Mrs. Ensell. (Elliot Stock.)

*The Tower on the Cliff.* By Emma Marshall. (Seeley.)

*Sundered Hearts.* By Annie S. Swan. (Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.)

*The Silver Dial* is a story of old Strasburg. The quaint life led several centuries ago in the venerable city is admirably depicted, and the main basis of the novel is the building of the world-renowned great clock. This work was entrusted to the famous horologist, Prof. Conrad Dasipodius, who is as dearly beloved by the majority of his pupils as he is hated by the minority and by the Anabaptist Syndic. He is a noble character, this Professor, earnestly devoted to his work, and displaying such genius in it as had never before been witnessed. But the great have ever been the mark of envy; and when it is discovered that Dasipodius has become blind he is deposed from his position, although his sense of touch is so keen and refined that it has taken the place of that of sight. His skill in blindness is regarded as magic, and as the result of a compact with the Evil One. It is a terrible blow to Dasipodius to give up the horologe. He surrenders his plans also; but his successor bungles miserably with these, and is nearly ruining the whole of the beautiful works when the Professor is entreated to resume his post, the Syndic eating

the leek at the command of the good Bishop John. This is only one half of Miss Rowsell's charming story; the other part, with which it is inextricably interwoven, relates to the loves of the Professor and Sabina von Steinbach. By the evil machinations of Rhadegund, the cousin of Sabina, an artist, who is herself in love with Dasipodius; the lovers are separated; and before they are reunited they pass through some trying and almost fatal experiences. So much mischief is worked by one woman that even the excellent Bishop is tempted to exclaim that "this world would get on just as well again without women." There is a strong touch of humour as well as of poetry in this learned man. The whole story is extremely entertaining; the characters—especially those of Conrad and Sabina, and the jealous Rhadegund—are vigorously drawn; the manners of a past age are very fairly reproduced; and an air of romance is skilfully thrown over circumstances and events which in the hands of some writers would have appeared very prosaic.

There is a decided advance in *A Lucky Young Woman* over the writer's previous story. But this new novel is much too long; and if Mr. or Miss Philips—I do not know the sex of the author—had been content to compress it into one volume, or at the most two, it would have been a really successful venture. There is not sufficient material of interest in the plot to warrant three volumes. But the style is very pleasant, thus making the book agreeable reading; and the heroine, Marcia Conyers, has many fascinating qualities, though on one supreme occasion she certainly throws to the winds that commonsense for which, generally, she is very conspicuous. There is one thing the writer must guard against, and that is flippancy, for in many of the pages of this story there are painful efforts at forced smartness. In one passage we read of "the lean, colourless horrors sung by Mr. Rossetti and Mr. Swinburne." If there is one thing that certain critics have complained of in regard to the poets named it is that their "horrors" are rather too full of colour. There are, moreover, a number of mistakes which can scarcely be fathomed on the printer. The Christian name of Mr. Burne Jones is not "Paul," neither is the middle name of the poet Poe spelt Allen, while there is no reason for giving to Mr. Frederic Harrison a superfluous letter.

A *cause célèbre* of some years ago is brought to mind by *A Daughter of the Gods*. A legal luminary marries a beautiful girl much younger than himself, only to discover after a considerable period that her life and honour had been blighted by a previous mock marriage. She had borne a child which the second husband was led to believe was her younger sister; and the secret is dramatically revealed to him at last by his wife, after the child has perished by drowning. The first husband, who is a thorough scoundrel, has in the meantime turned up, and rendered his victim's life a burden to her. He finds out her resorts and makes them his own; even the Temple Church becomes no sanctuary for her. Her real husband, however, who loves her devotedly, discovers that the villain has placed himself within the grasp of the criminal law,

and by this means he rids his wife of him for ever. All then ends happily for the husband and his deeply-wronged partner. The story moves smoothly, and is not without interest; but the author is not very skilful in following up the lines of her characters. We read, for example, of one lady who, if Spencer and Tyndall had talked of philosophy, or Tennyson and Browning of poetry, or Gladstone and Bright of oratory, in her presence, she would have contributed her full share to the conversation. So she would most probably have done if the talkers had been Mitchell and Roberts, and the topic the conditions of the spot-stroke; but, although a good deal of this lady is seen afterwards, we hear nothing of her marvellous versatility.

The burden of Mrs. Panton's story is very sad. It relates how a curate's wife was done to death by the selfishness and heartlessness of her husband. Though her death is the means of his moral salvation, we begrudge the sacrifice. Painful as the record is, it doubtless represents many a tragedy noiselessly and uncomplainingly lived out in the byways of the world. Meta Unwin had talents which would have gained her both respect and emolument in the literary profession; but she consents to sink herself utterly for the vacillating and culpable curate, the Rev. Abel Haviland. The novel has, fortunately, its lighter side in the natural sketches of village life with which it abounds. Mrs. Panton is very happy in her delineation of rural characters. Among her *dramatis personae* is a rector's wife, who firmly believes that the class distinctions which society recognises are fixed by Providence, and sees an impassable gulf yawning between the clergy and such laity even as the better, well-educated farmers. Then there is the eccentric Dr. Merton, who holds strong views on the woman question, and wonders what "the world will come to with your Girtons and your rubbish." But he is a noble-hearted fellow notwithstanding, always on the alert to lift up suffering and down-trodden humanity. Then there is Meta herself, whose life opens brightly and joyously, but eventually sinks in gloom. Altogether, Mrs. Panton's latest story is one of much interest.

The opening of *Link by Link* is written in a grandiloquent, but not very effective, style. The story itself is concerned with a murder, and the means by which it is brought home to the criminal after many years. Its weak point is that in the very chapter in which the crime is recorded the reader's suspicions will fix upon a certain lady as having been concerned in the affair, and, as the result will prove, not without reason. The lady in question becomes an artist, and gains distinction at one of the yearly exhibitions of the Royal Academy by a picture entitled "The Shadow of a Crime." This picture has eventually some share in evolving the circumstances of the murder of Mr. David Grey, the wealthy owner of Hazelmere. The character of Anita Warden, the artist, is vigorously sketched.

The Irish question forms the groundwork of *The Pearl of Lisnadoon*; and in her glimpses of our Celtic neighbours Mrs. Ensell presents the contrary view of the problem

from that of the Land League and the agitators for Home Rule. She shows that there are two sides to this ubiquitous Irish question. Her hero is a Protestant landlord of a really noble type, who is cruelly "Boycotted" by the very men he is anxious to serve. The hard and unrighteous treatment meted out to him ultimately results in his death, and the deluded wretches who act under the pressure of a secret society actually endeavour to steal his child and heir from the widowed mother. Irish tenants have suffered grievous and terrible evils in the past, and now Mrs. Ensell would show us that many Irish landlords are suffering equally grievous ills in the present. Though any story with a political bias necessarily loses much, there are some graphic passages in this little volume.

A weird Gloucestershire legend forms the basis of *The Tower on the Cliff*; and, on the whole, Mrs. Marshall has worked it out well, and happily caught the spirit of a bygone age. The heir to an old name and estate is shut up in the tower for a year before his ardently desired marriage, in accordance with some mysterious secret, but dies on the very day before the wedding. The lady of his affections, Jasmine Penrose, a charming, unsophisticated maiden, is the reciter of the story, which is told with some feeling.

Unsuitability in married life is the text upon which Miss Swan has constructed a very interesting story. There is no true love between Sir William Lundie and his wife, and eventually the former is lured out to India by a former flame, Lady Devanha, and dies in the East of fever. Hearts which had long been "sundered" in life are thus completely severed by death, and Lady Lundie becomes the wife of her old true lover, John Strathearn, M.P. Miss Swan invariably writes with ease and gracefulness.

G. BARNETT SMITH.

#### HISTORICAL BOOKS.

*A Literary and Biographical History of the English Catholics, from the Breach with Rome in 1534 to the Present Time.* By Joseph Gillow. Vol. II. (Burns & Oates.) There is little to be said of the present volume of Mr. Gillow's laborious work which we did not say of his first, except that there is a very decided improvement in minute accuracy. Something is still to be desired in the bibliographical portion. The descriptions of books remind us of the manner in which a friend, who is ignorant of geology, tries to convey to us the kind of fossils he has seen on his many rambles. We generally understand which he means, but the knowledge is attained at a quite unnecessary expenditure of attention and intellectual force. It cannot be too clearly pointed out that to describe a book properly requires special knowledge—a knowledge not difficult to acquire—which should be gained by all persons who undertake difficult labours such as Mr. Gillow has done. The information which Mr. Gillow's work contains on many subjects but remotely connected with Roman Catholic biography will render it a welcome addition to the bookshelves of many persons who take but a languid interest in the members of the Latin communion. The following passage, if true, should certainly find a place in any future life of George IV.:

"After the peace of 1815, all British subjects who had lost money or property by the Revolution,

sent in claims through the Government asking for compensation. . . . At last a sum of money, amounting to nearly half a million sterling was made over to the English Commissioners, and, with one exception, this was duly paid to those whose claims were just. . . . The Catholic colleges and convents formed the sole exception. Under one pretence or another their claim was put off and off, until the Commissioners finally rejected it on the extraordinary ground that the English College at Douay was a French and not an English establishment. From this decree an appeal was made to the Privy Council; and on November 25, 1825, the judgment of that body, confirming the decision, was delivered by Lord Gifford. . . . The money which had been received from the French Government for the purpose of compensating the English Catholic colleges for what they had lost was not returned to France. . . . What became of it has never been officially stated; but it is generally understood that it was employed to pay off a debt that had been incurred in the building and furnishing of the Pavilion at Brighton for George IV., when he was Prince of Wales. Sir James Mackintosh, one of the counsel retained for the college, wished to bring the matter before Parliament, but it was feared that his doing so would injure the cause of Catholic Emancipation."

These statements require careful testing. If Mr. Gillow is right in his facts there was as shameful a misappropriation of money as anything we remember to have occurred in the seventeenth century. We cannot commend Mr. Gillow for his literary style; but his memoirs of Dr. Faber, Guy Fawkes and Mr. De Lisle are, notwithstanding certain defects, excellent specimens of biography. *The Book of Husbandry* should not have been unhesitatingly attributed to Sir Anthony Fitzherbert. We ourselves believe him to have been the author; and the evidence accumulated in Prof. Skeat's reprint for the English Dialect Society adds great additional probability to what was before very much of a conjecture. It does not, however, give anything approaching to conclusive evidence. Sir Anthony's will, extracts from which are given in Prof. Skeat's book, seems to show that he was fond of horses and agriculture. The few mistakes we have detected are mostly printer's errors. It may be well to point out, however, that Dr. Maitland, the author of *Essays on the Reformation*, was never a "dean" in the Anglican or any other communion.

*King Edward the Sixth, Supreme Head: an Historical Sketch.* With an Introduction and Notes by Frederick George Lee. (Burns & Oates.) Dr. Lee's *King Edward the Sixth, Supreme Head*, is written from the point of view, with the animus, and with more than the violent language, of Nicholas Sander. His contempt for the reformers—"the gross German boor," "the melancholy Flanders apostate," "the self-satisfied Swiss Calvinist"—his apparently serious lamentations over the losses which England has sustained, particularly "that crowning blessing of a nation, the divine rule of pontiff, prelate, and priest"; his evident pleasure in continually referring to "Elizabeth Boleyn," and similar affectations and conceits, may amuse some readers and irritate others; but will in any case serve to detract from the many real merits of the book. As a history it is ludicrously one-sided, yet the side to which it leans is just that which has hitherto been most overlooked. Dr. Lee's work is by no means a mere compilation. Almost every page bears traces of painstaking and independent research; and when not distorted by his theological craze, the narrative of facts, often well supported by quotations from the state papers and other undated documents, is fresh, interesting, and very much to the point.

THE conduct of Queen Mary on her accession to the throne of England, after her father's flight, has been criticised with such severity that the *Memoirs of Mary, Queen of England*,

1689-1693 (David Nutt), are of value as showing her distraction of mind between the intense personal devotion which she felt for her husband, and her daughterly duty towards her father. She was evidently a woman endowed by nature with a very kindly disposition and a sound understanding, the last being especially shown in her reflections on the Privy Council, by whose advice her conduct during her husband's absence abroad was mainly guided. A few incidental references to the ecclesiastics and politicians by whom she was surrounded throw fresh light on their characters. The starched nature of Compton, Bishop of London, that warlike member of the Church militant, breaks out in his desire that the queen should adhere to the traditional practice of receiving the sacrament almost alone (p. 13). The feelings with which the cold-natured William may have regarded the erratic proceedings of the restless politician, better known as Lord Peterborough, are shown in the queen's sentence (p. 30): "Lord Monmouth is mad, and his wife, who is mader, governs him." As a whole, the work of the editor has been creditably discharged; but there is a curious blending of two different politicians in the note (p. 36) on Henry Sydney, afterwards Lord Romney, where he is described as "Lord Godolphin Sidney, später Earl von Romney."

PROF. E. MORRIS's continuation, under the somewhat ambiguous title of *The Early Hanoverians* (Longmans), of his former work *The Age of Anne* is marked by the same merits as its predecessor. It is the production of a writer inspired with enthusiasm for his task, but with enthusiasm tempered by sound common-sense. Though but a handbook, there are some chapters in it (witness, for instance, the account of the electorate of Brunswick) full of matter not easily found elsewhere. One especial feature consists of the small biographies introduced into the narrative. The page on Leibnitz shows that Prof. Morris takes an interest in the famous philosopher second only to the inhabitants of Hanover themselves, who have preserved Leibnitz's house as a memorial of their ancient capital and of their illustrious countryman, and who show to the strangers that visit the city library at Hanover the manuscripts of Leibnitz as its chief curiosity. Prof. Morris takes great, but not undue, credit to himself for the memoirs which he has embodied in his little book; and no doubt the lives of Oglethorpe and Berkeley and the narratives of Anson's voyage, or of the death-struggle of the Jacobites in 1745, will fire the imagination of many youthful minds. Within the compass of little more than 200 pages the student, whether old or young, will find many such useful aids to knowledge as royal pedigrees, maps of countries, and plans of celebrated battle-fields. It is an admirable volume, almost without a fault.

THE tract on *Newton, his Friend, and his Niece* (Elliot Stock), by the late Prof. De Morgan, shows most of the qualities of the author's mind. It reveals his piquancy of expression, his acuteness of perception, and his absorbing passion for investigation. Its object is to show the relations which existed between Sir Isaac Newton, his niece Catherine Barton, and his friend Charles Montague, Lord Halifax. Some have contended that Halifax's feelings for this lovely and sprightly lady were those of Platonic admiration, and others have not shrank from insinuating that she was his mistress. It has been the aim of Prof. De Morgan to prove that they were husband and wife, married in secrecy—but still married, and living in the same manner as Peterborough and his long-unacknowledged wife, the beautiful and accomplished Anastasia Robinson. We cannot assert that the professor has proved his case beyond the possibility of doubt. It is at the best but a comparison of

probabilities; and, although there are many circumstances which support his theory, it will still be possible for doubters to refuse absolute credence to his arguments. The magnitude of the legacy which the peer left to Catherine Barton, and her marriage to Conduitt—a marriage "which was a splendid match for one in her original position"—tell strongly in favour of the professor's view. These are important links in his argument. A minor point, on which he dilates at considerable length, sets out the terms on which Dean Swift used to visit the vivacious lady. There is one question on which we cannot accept the suggestion of the professor. He says "Newton had a friend named Laughton or Lawton; Halifax mentions nieces of this name in his will. Some trifling circumstances make it not very improbable that Newton's friend was the relation of Halifax's nieces." This is cautiously and tentatively expressed; but Newton's friend, called Laughton, was no doubt the distinguished pupil-monger of Cambridge, who must have been intimately known to Newton through his mathematical attainments as well as through college friendship, and to Halifax from his influential position in the university. It is not likely that either Newton, Halifax, or Laughton were connected together by family ties.

*The Life of Charles I. 1600—1625.* By E. Beresford Chancellor. (Bell.) Mr. Chancellor is one of those writers who are diligent in acquiring knowledge, but not diligent enough to give any value to the work which they produce. He does not appear to have any idea that the history of the French and Spanish marriage treaties has been recently investigated by means of documents which he has neglected. He makes no reference, for instance, to the Spanish account of Francisco de Jesus, printed by the Camden Society; and the despatches of English ambassadors in the Record Office, as well as those of Gondomar, of Inojosa, and of Effiat, of all of which there are copies in England, are equally unknown to him. No amount of industry—and Mr. Chancellor has plenty of it—can make up for such deficiencies.

*The Life, Times, and Writings of Thomas Fuller, D.D., the Church Historian.* By Rev. Morris Fuller. Second Edition. (Sonnenschein.) The fact that a new edition of this work has been called for is evidence that there is a public which is so much interested in the life of a good and able seventeenth-century divine, who possessed a most unwonted store of humour, as to be willing to gather their information concerning him from his descendant's very awkward biography. That the work contains much valuable information, some of it of an out-of-the-way kind, we admit most ungrudgingly; but the book is far too long. Nearly every idea in it is spun out too a most unreasonable length, and the style is of a kind that we cannot make our readers feel the demerit of without reproducing several pages. All persons must talk, and it is, therefore, perhaps cruel to speak harshly of those people who spin out their sentences to inordinate length, or get them tied in knots like unwound silk; but there is no reason in the nature of things why any man should write books who has not acquired the faculty of expression in such measure that reading his pages will be at least a painless, if not a profitable, exercise.

MESSRS. LONGMANS have published, in two stout volumes, an English translation of the *Life of John de Witt*, by Lefèvre Pontalis, which was reviewed by Mr. S. R. Gardiner in the ACADEMY of September 6, 1884. Another elaborate review of the book appeared shortly afterwards in the *Edinburgh*, which came, we believe, from Mr. Gardiner's successor in the chair of history at King's College. The present translation is by S. E. and A. Stephen-

son, who have omitted the abundant footnotes and references to documents in the French original, in order to adapt the work to the general reader.

*Deux Campagnes de Turenne in Flandre.* Par Lieut.-Col. Jules Bourelly. (Paris: Perrin.) Col. Bourelly has produced a work on the joint undertaking of Cromwell and Mazarin to reduce Dunkirk, which will have no less interest for Englishmen than for his own countrymen. It is, unlike some of the sketchy productions which are made to do duty for history, founded on exhaustive researches into the French archives and elsewhere. It is a pity that English authorities were not also placed under contribution, as, however truthful one side may be, fairness requires that the other party be also heard. To take an instance which is in itself of no importance whatever. Col. Bourelly relates how the Ironsides, having received spades from the French to regain the fortifications of Mardyke, used them to dig out the rabbits. One would like to know whether the men played this little game for the sake of amusement or because they were hungry. Whatever the explanation may be the scene may be commended to any painter in search of a subject.

Under the title *Henry VIII. von England und die Curie in den Jahren 1528–1529*, Dr. Willy Borée has published at Göttingen, in the form of a pamphlet, a brief historical account of the first moving of Henry VIII.'s divorce suit before the legates. The facts are carefully worked out from the latest sources of information, chiefly, of course, from the Calendars of State Papers; but there is little that will be new in substance to the reader of Brewer's *Henry VIII.*, although some few details are supplied from the volumes of Gayangos's Spanish Calendar published since Brewer wrote.

#### NOTES AND NEWS.

ARRANGEMENTS have been made by the Delegates of the Clarendon Press, with the object of accelerating the publication of future parts of the *New English Dictionary*, in accordance with which Mr. Henry Bradley will henceforth be associated as joint-editor with Dr. J. A. H. Murray.

MR. J. TALBOYS WHEELER, author of the *History of India from the Earliest Ages*, has been for some time past engaged upon a continuation of that work, which will tell the story of British rule from the establishment of the East India Company down to the present time. His object has been to give not a mere chronicle of events, but a description of the political and social changes which have made the country what it is; and he has striven throughout to interest English readers in his narrative. An introductory chapter treats of the Company's first settlements during the latter half of the seventeenth and the earlier half of the eighteenth century, for which period the author collected valuable materials many years ago in Madras. The concluding chapter is devoted to the constitutional changes that have been gradually effected in the machinery of administration since the Mutiny. The book will be published almost immediately by Messrs. Macmillan, under the title of *India under British Rule*.

WE hear that for the new edition of Mr. Ruskin's *Stones of Venice* above twelve tons of paper have been used. Two hundred and twenty copies—all taken long before publication—have been printed on large paper, and two thousand on small paper. The advance subscriptions have already secured the author a handsome profit on the issue.

THE edition of *Hamlet*, which will be shortly issued as a volume of Cassell's "National

Library," will be of special interest on account of the pains Prof. Morley has taken with the revision of the text. It has been freshly compared throughout with the First and Second Quarto and the First Folio. In one place an omitted line has been inserted; in another a superfluous conjectural addition, although generally adopted, is struck out. In one place, where there is an unquestionable misprint, "disasters in the sun," one more attempt has been made to give the true sense. These are but indications of the manner in which Prof. Morley has dealt with the new edition, which he has endeavoured to make the nearest attainable approach to Shakspere's text.

THE late Mr. Samuel Addington was a collector of books, as well as of prints and other artistic things. His library, which is to be sold by Messrs. Sotheby on Monday and Tuesday of next week, was not very large—it numbers only 674 lots; but it is replete with the choicest rarities. Here are the first and third folios of Shakspere; a collection of Luther treatises with the autograph of John Bunyan, besides several first editions of Bunyan's own books; illuminary Horae and Bibles; a portion of the *Summa Theologicae* of Thomas Aquinas, printed on vellum (Venice, 1478); and an extraordinary collection of historical tracts, chiefly of the Stuart and Commonwealth period. But perhaps the gem of the collection is the four black letter Wycliffe volumes (printed by Redman, *cir.* 1527 and 1532), all of which are believed to be unique, and which Mr. Addington bought for £400 at the Dix sale.

THE Clark Lectureship at Cambridge will become vacant in October, for the term of office is three years, though the holder is capable of re-election. The duties are to deliver twelve lectures a year, open free to all members of the university, and distributed over two terms at least. The emolument is £200 a year. Candidates are requested to send in their applications by June 3. The electing body is the council of Trinity College.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH will deliver a lecture at Oxford, on Wednesday next, upon "The Political History of Canada."

A BRANCH of the English Goethe Society has been founded at Oxford, with Mr. S. Alexander, fellow of Lincoln College, as its local secretary.

THE General Board of Studies at Cambridge has recommended the Rev. Prof. W. W. Skeat for the degree of doctor in letters.

MR. ARTHUR SYMONS, who has edited so many Shakspere Quarto Facsimiles in Dr. Furnival's series, is to edit some of the volumes in Mr. Havelock Ellis's series of Selections from Elizabethan Dramatists for Messrs. Vizetelly. Mr. Symons will also edit the Leigh Hunt Selections in the Camelot Classics.

MR. A. GARDNER, of Paisley, will shortly publish *Some Personal Reminiscences of Carlyle*, by Mr. A. J. Symington, who for many years enjoyed the close friendship of Carlyle. The book will attempt to place Carlyle's life before the public in a more favourable light than some of his biographers have done.

THE second volume of his "Book-Lover's Library" will be issued by Mr. Elliot Stock almost immediately, viz., *Old Cookery Books and Ancient Cuisine*, by Mr. W. Carew-Hazlitt. It will contain much curious information on the culinary art in olden time, and give a bibliography of ancient and modern cookery books.

MESSRS. SWAN SONNENSCHEIN & Co. will publish very shortly a translation, by Mr. E. G. Varnish, of Biroat's *Eucharistic Life of Christ*, being eight sermons preached during the octave of the Holy Sacrament in Paris in the year 1657, which treat of Christ's Sacramental Life

under eight different aspects. The Rev. Arthur Tooth contributes an introductory preface.

MR. J. W. O'NEILL DAUNT has just completed a new work, which he entitles *Eighty-five years of Irish History*. It will be published early in June by Messrs. Ward and Downey.

MESSRS. WILLIAMS & NORRAGE have just ready a book, by Dr. W. Knighton, entitled *Struggles for Life*, treating of man's struggles with nature and with society.

"Two Pinches of Snuff" is the title of Mr. William Westall's new novel, which will be published next month by Messrs. Ward and Downey. The same publishers have also nearly ready a novel by Mr. Henry F. Keenan, author of "Trajan." The title of this story is *The Aliens*.

*John Bodewin's Testimony: a Tale of Western Mining Life*, by Mary Hallock Foote, author of the "Led-Horse Claim," will be published shortly in "Warne's London Library."

*In Scorn of Consequence*, a story by a new writer, will shortly be published by Messrs. Tinsley Bros. It deals mainly with questions of a religious character.

THE Catherine Street Publishing Association have in the press a work entitled *The Politics of the Commons*, the object of which is to give an index to the opinions of all the present members upon current questions, as gathered from their election addresses and speeches last autumn.

THE performance of "The Cenci" has stimulated, rather than checked, the inflow of members to the Shelley Society. It now numbers over 350. The society will evidently have to take either St. James's Hall or the Grand Theatre for its performance of "Hellas" in November, according as that is held in the evening or afternoon. With Prince's or St. George's Hall they will not be able to give members their promised three or four tickets each.

THE Duke of Northumberland, the president of the Royal Institution, has appointed the following gentlemen as vice-presidents for the ensuing year: Sir Frederick Abel, Sir William Bowman, Lord Halsbury, Mr. William Huggins, Sir John Lubbock, Sir Frederick Pollock, Mr. Henry Pollock (treasurer), and Sir Frederick Bramwell (hon. secretary).

AT the meeting of the "Sette of Odd Volumes," at Willis's Rooms, on May 17, the newly elected member, Mr. Charles Holme (the "Pilgrim"), read a paper on "The Art Aspects of Arab Life," with notes of a journey to Tunis.

THE Facsimile of the First Quarto of *Romeo and Juliet*, 1597, edited by Mr. Herbert A. Evans, has just appeared in Dr. Furnivall's series of Shakspere Quarto Facsimiles.

*Correction*.—The author of *The Springs of Conduct*, reviewed in the ACADEMY of last week, was there wrongly described. His name is Mr. C. Morgan Lloyd, not Mr. Lloyd Morgan.

#### FORTHCOMING MAGAZINES.

WE hear that the forthcoming number of the *Nuova Antologia* will contain a long study, by Prof. Nencioni, of Miss Mary Robinson's poetry. The article is entitled "*Nuova Arcadia e Giardino Italiano*".

MR. AUSTIN DOBSON will contribute to the June *Century* an article entitled "A Literary Ramble along the Thames from Fulham to Chiswick." It will be illustrated with twelve engravings.

A NEW monthly periodical, entitled *The Circulating Library Review*, will shortly be

started. Its object is to furnish a collection of short notices of books as a guide for the general reader, and space will be accorded to literary notes. The publishers are the General Publishing Company.

THE conventional church of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem at Valetta, Malta, will form the subject of an illustrated paper in the June number of *Walford's Antiquarian*, which will also contain the opening chapter of an article on St. David's.

*Cassell's Magazine* for June will give prominence to the report of an interview with the Rev. S. A. Barnett on the much-discussed question of "The Dwellings of the Poor."

LORD BRABAZON will contribute an article on "The Welfare of Young Men" to the June number of the *Quiver*, which will also contain a paper by the Rev. Dr. Hugh Macmillan, entitled "The Stones buried in the Jordan."

THE June number of the *Scottish Church* will contain articles on "Dr. Tulloch as a Churchman and Theologian," "Presbyterian Architecture," "A Highland Parish," "The Russells of Yarrow," and "A Sketch from Auvergne." A new feature is to be introduced in the form of notices of books, under the title of "Current Literature."

#### AMERICAN JOTTINGS.

WE hear that the original MS. of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes's masterpiece—*The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, including the "One-Hoss Shay"—has just been discovered in New York by Mr. Franklin Tinker (a well-known collector), who has purchased it for a large sum. This MS. had been lost sight of for a considerable length of time.

MESSRS. SCRIBNER announce the publication of a new and uniform edition of the works of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, beginning with *A Fair Barbarian* and *That Lass o' Lowrie's*.

MR. APPLETON MORGAN has undertaken to continue the Shakspelian bibliography, which is one of the great features of Allibone's Dictionary. Part I. of his "Digest Shakespeareana" (*sic*) appeared in the Papers of the New York Shakespeare Society. It contains titles from A to F, arranged according to subjects.

MESSRS. PUTNAM'S SONS announce a *History of France under Mazarin*, with a sketch of the Administration of Richelieu, in two volumes, by Mr. J. B. Perkins.

THE American Bookseller of May 1, in an account of the publishing firm of D. Appleton & Co., gives some interesting anecdotes about the books they have issued. In 1840, the firm made a sensation by bringing out a reprint of the famous "Tract XC.", at the suggestion of an episcopal clergyman. Not many years afterwards, the same clergyman threatened them with punishment in this world and the next for publishing the books of Darwin and other members of the Evolutionist school. It was Prof. Youmans who persuaded the Appletons to introduce Mr. Herbert Spencer to the American public, with a liberal royalty to the author. More than 100,000 copies of his several books have been sold there, the most popular being his treatise on Education.

MR. HENRY HOBSON RICHARDSON, the architect, died near Boston on May 5. Though only forty-eight years of age, he was admitted to stand at the head of his profession. After graduating at Harvard, he studied at the Ecole des Beaux Arts in Paris. The well-known Trinity Church at Boston was built from his designs.

NEW YORK, as is well known, has no public reference library. But it does possess a free

circulating library, which sends out annually about 20,000 volumes. From the statistics of last year, it appears that the novels chiefly in demand were *David Copperfield*, *The Old Curiosity Shop*, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and *Monte Christo*; that Shakspere was the most popular poet; and that Mr. Higginson's *Young Folks' History of the United States*, and Abbot's *Life of Columbus* were among the fourteen books most sought after.

SEVERAL of the rooms of the Boston Atheneum are now open to readers on Sunday.

THE public competition in the May number of the *New York Literary News* thus arranges recent books other than novels: Froude's *Oceana*, 51 votes; Disraeli's *Correspondence with his Sister*, 33; Justin H. McCarthy's *England under Gladstone*, 22; Seeley's *Napoleon the First*, 20 votes. It will be observed that all four are English. Lower down in the same list we find the following odd entry: "Amiel, *Journal d'un Temps*."

THE last number of the *Literary World* contains a sonnet on Browning. Another appreciative one on his "Sordello" appeared recently in a Chicago paper.

THE New York *Nation* of May 6 has an elaborate review of Prof. W. Robertson Smith's *Kinship and Marriage in Early Arabia*, which admits that the author has made his main contentions "probable."

#### ORIGINAL VERSE.

BROWNING AT "THE CENCI."

(May 7, 1886.)

To Shelley's festival, we keep to-day,  
Comes, honoured guest, with genial smile, the man  
Whom we name first of all the poet clan  
Now drawing breath : and so our glances stray  
To where he sits, attentive, whilst the grey,  
Cold, cloak of misery, that grows away,  
Wraps Beatrice, till from the ruthless ban  
Comes peace, out-smitten by the axe's sway.  
Ave, dead singer, caught by hungry seas  
That swept upon thee, swamping half thy song !  
Great as thou wert, a greater yet is here ;  
Hail, living singer ! mayest thou tarry long  
Among us, love us, weave with harmonies  
Grave thoughts of power to calm life's fret and  
fear.

J. J. BRITTON.

#### "THE DEPTHS OF THE SEA," AFTER BURNE JONES.

Ye, draw him gently through the strange sea-ways  
Down through the dim, green, water whispering.  
Thy cold lips have not kissed so fair a thing  
As this young mariner for many days.  
So well he sleeps, he will not wake to praise  
Thy wan bright loveliness, nor feel thee cling  
Around him, neither smile to hear thee sing,  
Though thou didst lure him hither with thy lays.  
The bubbles sigh and sparkle overhead,  
How white thou art ! but he is paler still,  
Pale with despair of young days forfeited.  
Smiling thou bear'st him to thy chill green bed.  
Of brightest, bitterest triumph take thy fill,  
Thou hast his body, but the soul has fled.

R. ARMYTAGE.

#### A WEEK IN L'OISE.

FOUR years ago a few friends spent a brief Easter holiday in France, visiting Amiens, Noyon, Laon, Reims, and, on the way back, Abbeville. The tour was so successful that the same party repeated the experiment this year, with a difference. They determined to stay at one place only, and make excursions thence, rather than pack every day, were it only a handbag; and to confine themselves to one district. This was the departments of L'Oise

and L'Aisne, and the centre selected was Compiègne. The whole week, from Wednesday to Wednesday, was so free from any kind of drawback that it deserved to be recorded for the sake of others who may do the same or the like; while even to those who stay at home an account of a district less known than it deserves may be of interest.

The train from Amiens to Compiègne, passing under Clermont, is leisurely, but traverses a country of considerable, if quiet, beauty. The traveller who has started from London after a late breakfast may find himself at dinner in the Hôtel de la Cloche at Compiègne soon after seven in the evening. If he has left London somewhat earlier, he may see Amiens en route, with plenty of time for the cathedral.

It would be hard to find a pleasanter town for headquarters than Compiègne. The Hôtel de la Cloche is clean and good, with an excellent cuisine, and it has the great advantage of being cheap. The town itself is airy and well kept, with many traces of old houses which lend a charm to the streets. Two fine churches are worth a visit, and there are enough historical memories lingering about the place to give an interest to the exploration of it. A ruined tower called after Joan of Arc, and a brand new statue in the market-place erected to her memory, bring before us the name most to be remembered among those associated with its history. The statue is not good; a bloused and demonstrative young huzzey, with great physical vigour, and no indication of mind or spirituality, is an inadequate presentation of the maid; but it is not for modern art that we must go to Compiègne: that in the Château is almost comic in its badness. The Château itself is a long and cumbrous pile built by Louis XV. On the side which gives on to a Place above the town, it is like an inferior Versailles; on the park side it resembles the whole south frontage of Carlton House Terrace, without the basement story, and so without any dignity. Inside it is much like other palaces, in which one always wonders where the people live, if indeed they have any real life. You are led through one stately room after another, and are assured it is just as always used; but the whole is set out as for one perpetual court pageant, the chairs and sofas are such as none would ever choose for lounging, the beds are such as none would willingly use for sleep. The late emperor's bedroom had a certain interest, from the minute care which had been paid that every bit of furniture down to its smallest details should be that which was, or at least might have been, used by the first Napoleon, and the care in it and elsewhere in the palace to keep alive the Napoleonic tradition. The battles of the emperor in huge, vulgar, but yet mysterious and impressive, pictures hang on the walls—pieces in which all is confusion and fire and dim smoke, the calm and beautified face of the emperor alone clearly distinguishable in the whirl. The statuary and the "Old Masters" on the walls are below contempt, though the inscriptions on the frames almost approach the sublime in their flagrant and contemptuous mendacity. The windows of the suite of rooms all open into the stately garden—a very good specimen of the pleasure with its pleached alleys just in their tender spring green, its spacious walks between turf opening out into the park, the central one being that great ride of three miles long which Disraeli described in *Lothair*. Here a certain number of statues, however bad, are dignified; though one, a Philoctetes, who apparently is scratching his back with a dagger, moves to explosions of uncontrollable laughter the visitor who sees it for the first time.

The great avenue beginning in the garden, and extending its three miles through the forest,

up hill and down dale, to an abrupt rise at the end, is very like the Long Walk at Windsor. It has numerous ways into the forest; but woe betide the tourist who, finding an open gate into any enclosure, trusts to finding that also open at the other end. The forest is throughout a place in which it is easy to lose the way, and the many signposts with a red mark always on the side towards Compiègne, are not as carefully kept as might be. Red would seem a colour more easily obliterated under a republic than under an empire.

Some of the party are members of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings; and it was with searchings of heart that they started for Pierrefonds, the most conspicuous instance of absolute uncompromising restoration that exists in the world. Even in ruin it was a singularly good specimen of a mediaeval inhabited fortress, the approaches and the lower walls telling their own story to the antiquary and architect. M. Viollet le Duc set his heart on translating this story for the vulgar, and on setting before all who might come the exact reproduction of what Pierrefonds once was. Napoleon III. gave the castle to the Empress Eugénie, and after some hesitation and persuasion M. Viollet le Duc had his will. And it must be admitted that the end has justified the means. It is right that all should see in actual fact a great castle as it was. Some small external details remain incomplete, but as a whole the thing was done before the fall of the Empire. Courts, cloisters, guard-rooms, the Salle des Preux, the Salle des Preuses, the chapel and the sleeping rooms are all there, more fit for habitation even than are Compiègne and Versailles, and far more suitable for it. It is strange to pass through the courts all clean and swept, to stand by the well in order for drawing water by the same kind of wheels and chains wherewith men drew it five hundred years ago, to look up to the bronze statue of the founder before the main entrance, to see the great gargoyle crocodile wriggling down the walls, to pass within the chapel doors, the warm sunlight streaming on us from painted panes, and find all still but for the echoes of our own footfalls, and the accents of our own English tongues. The whole spirit of *Marmion*, *Quentin Durward*, and Mallory's *Arthur* seemed here enshrined in stone. It was difficult to realise that no horns would blow, no steeds trample in the courtyard, no priest come from the sacristy to say his mass, that we should find no jester seated on the great hall steps—and the very spick and span newness of the whole added to the illusion. We were not standing where the Middle Ages had passed and left their traces—we were there, in their very heart; we, not they, were the anachronisms. While the work of a master can make the past so live before us, we admit there are exceptions to the rule of non-restoration and of mere conservation. Here at Pierrefonds, and once before at the great Schloss of Wernigerode, in the Hartz, still a dwelling place, the present writer felt most strongly that exceptions exist. Indeed, we could wish that the small sum for completing the little that yet remains to be done to the external walls and approaches might be voted for this magnificent historical monument.

On the topmost turret the wife of the *concierge* told us of the Prussian occupation. She had been sent away to her friends when they came, but her husband had been through the whole time at his post. They had no harm to say of their enemies, who had been courteous, and as anxious as the French themselves to preserve the fair castle. There is not a chip to the delicate sculpture, nor a scratch on the stone to show that a hostile garrison was ever within the walls.

It will be remembered that the empress

claimed Pierrefonds as her own private possession, and that a long law suit between herself and the French Government was ended by a compromise. It is now for ever the property of the nation, and, of course, a *monument historique*.

The present party went the few miles to Pierrefonds from Compiègne by train, and walked back through the forest, about seven miles; but carriages are good and cheap. It is well, as we discovered by sad experience, to avoid taking a meal at Pierrefonds. The best inn is abominable.

Château Coucy is a grand example of a mediæval fortress in ruin, and it is well that M. Viollet le Duc set his heart on another castle rather than on it. For its vast size would have made restoration impossible at one stroke. The whole of the little town of Coucy-le-Château, with about 900 inhabitants, is within the actual walls of the castle, what is now the ruin having been the stronghold. For the four hundred years it stood, it was a menace and a danger to all the country round. All that even a king of France could do for one whom he desired to serve was to ask his good friend the Sire de Coucy to be gentle to him; and Mazarin did wisely when he saw his opportunity to demand its demolition in 1652. From the top of the central tower, the most remarkable of its kind in existence, the view is finer than from Pierrefonds, and far more extensive. Across the dark forest rise the twin towers of Noyon against the background of hills, hills in the distance hide Laon, perched on just such another eminence as that on which we stand. The industrial works of St. Gobain and Chauny show themselves in the distance by their smoke, the river flashes clear below the walls, and in the valley, about two miles off, stands a village with a church and spire, which one might expect to find in Oxfordshire or Northamptonshire, and quite unlike anything we have seen elsewhere in this district. The resemblance turns out to be no fancied one. The church of Coucy-la-Ville was, indeed, built by the English while they held the district from the castle in the twelfth century. There is also a very interesting church in Coucy-le-Château, where were groups of people waiting their turn for the confessional, in preparation for the morrow's festival.

We returned by a new railway through forest for much of the way, so new that it has not yet scared the birds away. We heard the nightingale in the bushes hard by while we stopped at the wayside stations; and though we suppose boys are boys in France, birds' nesting would seem unknown. We had diverged in the morning to see Noyon once more; and we had had some misgivings. It had seemed so beautiful four years since that we feared to dispel the illusion; but it bore revisiting. The east end of the cathedral with its clustered apsidal chapels round a larger apse is a little spoiled by repointing and restoration; but the west front, its grey porches with wall flower growing in the crannies, the semicircle of grey canonical houses with red roofs, the old houses on the stream below the walls, the bishop's palace of a former day—these are untouched, and likely so to remain. Hard by the cathedral is an interesting, low, timber and brick library, with some valuable books, and historical relics. On the former occasion we had a difficulty in getting the keys, which after some delay were found in the house of a most courteous old gentleman, who gave up his siesta to show us the treasures of his town. What was his rank, and whether he did or did not expect a fee, was one of those dreadful puzzles which come to all tourists at times. Finally, by a happy inspiration, the paymaster of our party made a little speech in honour of Noyon, and gave a donation "for the poor of the town," which was

courteously accepted. It was well we did not give it to himself, as he proved to be M. le Maire. Tourists come to Noyon so seldom—though we must not forget that Mr. Louis Stevenson was there on his inland voyage—that the landlord of the hotel, who was also the cook, remembered us well, and gave us an excellent breakfast, at which we were glad this time to give no scandal. Four years since, our visit was on Good Friday, and some of the hungry Englishmen had held it impossible to dispense with meat. "Mais, monsieur," said the *chef*, whose kitchen was invaded, "mais monsieur, il faut toujours respecter les préjugés." "Well, then, respect mine," said, unansweredly, that one of the party whose habit of body most strongly clamoured for cutlets. This year we came on Easter Eve, when the rigours of Lent were practically over; but, indeed, the fare at breakfast and dinner the day before at Compiègne must have shown the sturdiest English Protestant that he would take no harm from what the landlady justly called "un bon dîner maigre." Noyon is embosomed in orchards, mainly of cherries, a vast number of which are exported to England in each year. The whole hillsides were white with their blossom and that of pears. The tender pink of the apple blossom was just beginning to show.

In the town itself there is a statue of Sarrazin, an almost unknown painter and sculptor, who figures as its greatest man. Calvin, who was born here, seems wholly forgotten or ignored, and his gloomy Protestantism has left no trace behind.

The high mass on Easter Sunday in the Cathedral of Soissons will not soon be forgotten by those who, of another faith and another land, assisted at it. Not only that the church is of exceptional beauty, the music good, the congregation devout, the clergy and choir grouped with every attention to effect, but in French services there is constantly something unwonted, unexpected, even to those accustomed to Catholic functions at home. In this case, after the distribution of the *pain bénit*—a custom itself peculiar to France—the bishop and canons came to the first steps of the choir, where a general confession was made by one of the canons in the name of the congregation, and a general absolution given by the bishop, the ceremony being as impressive as it was unusual.

The ruins of the Abbey of St. John of the Vines have a peculiar interest to Englishmen, since St. Thomas of Canterbury passed therein nine years of his exile, from 1161 to 1170; and the lovely towers and west front of the royal Abbey of Notre Dame aid, with the cathedral, to make Soissons a landmark for many miles round. Standing on what had been the organ gallery, between the great towers—all now remaining of Notre Dame—the good woman in charge showed us in how terrible a grip the Prussians had held the town. On that hill fringed at the top with trees, was a gap in the row, cut away for the purpose; and there the enemy's cannon had been planted. On this, still nearer, had been another fort. Down the road at our feet the conquerors had marched into the town when it yielded. In the Hôtel Dieu several shells had burst, irrespective of the sick. Above us, on a ledge, still lay chips of tracery torn away by one of the same missiles. But the wallflowers had almost overgrown them, flooded them with a double light—their own and that of the hot spring sun; and, save for the one gap in the wood, it was difficult to detect any trace of the grim struggle, so vivid still in the narrator's memory. But in her talk, as in that of others, there seemed to us no wish for vengeance; that, if it exists, is, we suspect, confined to politicians and the army. The working country-folk appear to

wish for peace alone, that they may meddle with no man, and that none again may meddle with them.

Back again to vespers at Compiègne, and to hear a very effective rendering of the fine Easter hymn, "O filii et filiae!" It struck us as very singular that here and in other places in our tour the ecclesiastical pronunciation of Latin departed more than at home from the ordinary Roman mode, and approached the English school and university sound of the vowels. It is to be regretted that some of these church hymns are never sung in their original in Anglican churches, for they are untranslatable. In this very "O filii et filiae!" we have heard the following rendering of one of the stanzas, which no doubt was repeated this Eastertide in many churches:

"And Mary, as it came to pass,  
With Mary, wife of Cleophas,  
And Mary Magdalene it was."

We all know that faith and morals are not necessarily connected, and we know also that the French as a nation are less decorous—some would say less hypocritical—than ourselves in the novels they write and the plays they put on the stage. We recognise also the danger of generalising from particulars; but, at the same vespers, and in the evening at the theatre, the two friends who assisted at the service noted a contrast, which seemed to their insular minds very French. Kneeling at vespers was a singularly handsome young woman, devout and recollected in her every attitude. The piece given at the theatre, "Le Petit Chaperon Rouge," was such that it drove six middle-aged men from the theatre suffused with blushes, and long before the end; while, delighted with everything, and entering into the fun—which, we admit, was considerable—with infinite zest was our young *dévôe*. There was no reason at all to think that she or any of her party were anything but thoroughly respectable people of the *bourgeois* class. The whole thing was an evidence of the difference in what may be thought tolerable in one country and intolerable in another.

Probably few tourists but ourselves ever stopped at Crépy-en-Valois. We might have done far worse. On one side it rises gently, on another very steeply from the plain; and on the steep side, the walls of the old castle of the Valois race still mark how stout was the stronghold in a vanished time. But seldom was there a more dead-alive place. The old-world houses seemed to have no one in them, though they were clean-windowed and well swept before their doors, a few ladies with their prayer books fitted by to mass, and we heard the nightingales sing in the gardens as if unaware that streets were all around. This town also has memories of the Saint of Canterbury and a chapel dedicated to him. To us it will be remembered by a breakfast whose excellence was quite unexpected, and some quince marmalade, the quality of which was indeed a *curiosa felicitas*. A short railway journey after breakfast took us to Senlis, among the most picturesque of towns, though, perhaps, there is not much, even counting the cathedral, of special and independent interest. This church is very late flamboyant, the rose windows might even be called debased; but the interior effect of the whole is good, and we nowhere heard such interesting and true Gregorian chanting during our tour as here at a very early vesper service. We were almost the only assistants, the population having gone off *en masse* to a village *fête* in the neighbourhood. To this possibly one of the choirboys intended to betake himself, who slipped out into the choir aisle when the beadle had gone to the sacristy for the alms bags. But that functionary was on him before he had time to escape, and he was brought back to his post

with many resounding smacks, which did not in any degree disturb the elderly canons who were chanting the service.

A walk down the long steep street with ancient houses sloping to the clear Nonette, an affluent of the Oise, and on the raised path round the old ramparts overhanging the river, brought us back to the pleasant garden of an inn near the station, where, over coffee, we discussed the way home to Compiègne, and hit on the happy plan of driving and walking through the forest of Hallate to Pont St. Maxence, seven miles off, and getting home by another line. The forest was ablaze with Lent lilies, and one of our party pulled many by the roots to set in his English garden. It was musical with nightingale and cuckoo, and the walk down into the little town is one of the prettiest things we saw. Not that the actual street was striking, except for the very fine bridge over the Oise at its foot; but the lights were so fair in their greens and purples, the trees such a rush of leaf and blossom—for the town is embowered in pear, apple, and quince—that all was glorified in the early evening glow.

There would have been time next day to visit Beauvais; but the forest charm, and the virtue of a day's rest before returning to London work and London worry, asserted themselves. We drove only to St. Jean au Bois, and walked back through the woods. Here are the beautiful remains of an abbey, unhappily being, and to be, too much restored, should funds be forthcoming; and a wholesome little *cabaret*, frequented by woodcutters. A great load of beech trunks was at the door on its ponderous wagon as we went in to order breakfast, and the little sanded kitchen was full of the woodmen. And here we experienced that civility which never failed us. Nowhere have we found such frank and pleasant manners as in the department of the Oise and the Aisne, such perfect equality in the best sense, without a trace of familiarity or servility. The people were intelligent, frank, well looking, and well-bred, from the *gamin* at the street corner upward. We turned unwillingly away from the shrine of St. Hubert, and its very realistic altar piece, to saunter back and find, but leave uninjured, blackbirds' nests by the way, and pluck a few last Lent lilies. There was the indefinable sadness which minglest with content when the last day of a holiday comes, even to mature men, the feeling that all this, exactly as it was, would never be again. A late after-dinner start at about nine o'clock brought us home to London in time for breakfast next morning. The journey we took is an easy and a cheap tour in a pleasant land, and to be heartily commended to our readers while summer is still young.

#### SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

##### GENERAL LITERATURE.

BERNOULLI, J. J. Römische Ikonographie. 2. Bd. Die Bildnisse der röm. Kaiser. 1. Das Julisch-Claudische Kaiserhaus. Stuttgart: Spemann. 30 M.  
 CHAUME, H. de la. Terre-Neuve et les Terre-Neuviennes. Paris: Plon. 3 fr. 50 c.  
 CLARENCE, J. P. Écrivains et penseurs: essais critiques. Paris: Ollendorff. 3 fr. 50 c.  
 FORGUS, E. Correspondance inédite entre Lamennais et le Baron de Vitrolles (1818-1853). Paris: Charpentier. 7 fr. 50 c.  
 HUGOT, E. Histoire littéraire, critique et anecdotique du Théâtre du Palais-Royal (1784-1884). Paris: Ollendorff. 3 fr. 50 c.  
 KEYSER, A. Die Staatsbibliothek in Köln, ihre Organisation u. Verwaltung. Köln: Du Mont-Schauberg. 4 M.  
 LEHMANN, H. O. Lehrbuch d. Wechselrechts. Stuttgart: Enke. 9 M.  
 LEITHÄUSER, G. Hans Holbein der Jüngere in seinem Verhältnisse zur Antike u. zum Humanismus. Hamburg: Herold. 2 M. 50 Pf.  
 SAY, Léon. Les solutions démocratiques de la question des impôts. Paris: Guillaumin. 6 fr.  
 STENGEL, K. Frhr. v. Lehrbuch d. deutschen Verwaltungsgesetzes. Stuttgart: Enke. 8 M.

TALLEYRAU, J. de. Souvenirs du Venezuela. Paris: Pion. 4 fr.

## HISTORY.

BELLOC, A. Les postes françaises: recherches historiques sur leur origine, leur développement, leur législation. Paris: Firmin-Didot. 12 fr.

BIOLLAY, L. Les prix en 1790. Paris: Guillaumin. 6 fr.

CHALLAMEL, A. Histoire de la liberté en France depuis les origines jusqu'en 1789. Paris: Jouvet. 7 fr. 50 c.

DUBRIEN, P. Les Archives angevines de Naples. Étude sur les registres du roi Charles I<sup>e</sup> (1285-1295). T. 1. Paris: Thorin. 8 fr. 50 c.

GESCHICHTSQUELLEN, thüringische. Neue Folge. 2. Bd. Jena: Fischer. 15 M.

JANZE, LA Vicomtesse A. de. Financiers d'autrefois: fermiers généraux. Paris: Ollendorff. 7 fr.

LAUGEL, A. Fragments d'histoire. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 7 fr. 50 c.

MONCEAUX, P. De communi Asiae provincia. Paris: Thorin. 4 fr.

PAUFFIN, H. Essai sur l'organisation et la juridiction municipales au moyen âge. Paris: Thorin. 7 fr. 50 c.

QUELLEN ZUR Geschichte der Stadt Worms. 1. Thl. Berlin: Weidmann. 16 M.

## PHYSICAL SCIENCE.

FABRE, J. H. Souvenirs entomologiques: études sur l'instinct et les mœurs des insectes. 3<sup>e</sup> série. Paris: Delagrave. 5 fr.

FRANCHET, A. La Flore de Loir-et-Cher. Paris: Lecheraller. 16 fr.

## PHILOLOGY, ETC.

ANECDOTA varia graeca et latina. Ediderunt R. Schoell et G. Studemund. Vol. I. Berlin: Weidmann. 10 M.

CLOETTA, W. Poème moral. Altfranzösisches Gedicht aus den ersten Jahren d. 13. Jahrh., nach allen bekannten Handschriften zum ersten Male vollständig hrsg. Erlangen: Deichert. 8 M.

EICHENBERG, W. Wie hat Ovid einzelne Wörter u. Wortklassen im Verse verwandt? Berlin: Calvary. 2 M.

FLEISCHHAUER, W. Ueb. den Gebrauch d. Conjunctives in Alfrids altenglischer Übersetzung v. Gregor's Cura pastoralis. Erlangen: Deichert. 1 M. 50 Pf.

KROY, R. William Langley's Buch v. Peter dem Philiger. Erlangen: Deichert. 2 M.

LE ROUX, J. M. Essai de dictionnaire français-haussa et haussa-français. Alger: Jourdan. 15 fr.

LINKE, K. Die Accente im Oxforden u. im Cambridger Psalter sowie in anderen altfranzösischen Handschriften. Erlangen: Deichert. 80 Pf.

PARTHES, O. Die platonische Schrift Menexenus im Lichte der Erziehungslehrre Platoss. Bonn: Behrendt. 1 M. 50 Pf.

RICHARD, H. Ueb. die Lykimosdiologie d. Lukian. Hamburg: Herold. 2 M. 50 Pf.

SCHÜRDEKOPF, A. Sprache u. Dialekt d. mittelenglischen Gedichtes William of Palerne. Erlangen: Deichert. 2 M.

SCHULTZ, M. Zur Formenlehre d. semitischen Verbs. Wien: Konegen. 2 M.

STRASSEMAIER, J. N. Wörterverzeichniss zu den babylonischen Inschriften im Museum zu Liverpool, nebst anderen aus der Zeit von Nebukadnezar bis Darius. Leipzig: Hinrichs. 8 M.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

THE SHELLEY SOCIETY AND ITS "CENCI" PLAY-BOOK.

3, St. George's Square, N.W.: May 18, 1886.

There has been so much misunderstanding and foolish writing on this subject, that a statement of the facts concerning it becomes advisable.

In her popular edition of Shelley's Works in 1839, the poet's widow wisely printed an Englishing of the Italian "Relation of the Deaths of the Cenci Family." This "Relation" has appeared in all the authoritative editions of Shelley's Poetical Works since that date. Of course, then, Mr. H. Buxton Forman, when printing an edition of the *Cenci* for the Shelley Society's performance, also printed the Englished "Relation" as the Appendix to it. He would have been greatly to blame if he had not done so. But his Edinburgh printers, unhappily, delayed the book, so that it did not reach London till 12.30 p.m. on the day before the performance. Our printers, Messrs. Clay, by a great effort, most kindly got our copies to the Grand Theatre before one o'clock on May 7; and there they were to be exchanged only for members' vouchers, or on their ord. But while Messrs. Clay's men were handing copies to our members, some other visitors

were quietly helping themselves to our books; and, having thus surreptitiously got hold of copies, certain of these folk abused the Society in the press for the forty-seven year old and often-reprinted Appendix which they found in the books they had not paid for—the book was not on sale—and had no right to. This is one of the coolest proceedings I ever heard of, and might fairly be characterised in strong terms. We shall, I trust, take good care that it is not repeated next year when the *Cenci* is again played.

The above remarks do not apply to the 500 copies of the book which Mr. Henry Arthur Jones kindly presented to the members of the theatrical profession, for whom the gallery was reserved; but I am quite sure that the silly and offensive remarks which have appeared in a portion of the press about our play-book have not proceeded from any actors.

F. J. FURNIVALL.

## GEORGE PENNE AND WILLIAM PENN.

Oxford: May 10, 1886.

The balance of opinion is clearly against Macaulay's contention—vigorously combated many years since by Messrs. Hepworth Dixon, W. E. Forster, Paget, and others—that the "Mr. Penne" to whom Lord Sunderland's letter, respecting the ransom of the Maids of Taunton, was addressed was William Penn, and not George Penne. The latter, it will be remembered, was proved by a memorandum first discovered by Mr. Roberts, author of the *Life of the Duke of Monmouth*, to have been actually concerned in a negotiation for the ransom of one of Monmouth's followers.

Macaulay's principal argument is based on the obscurity of George Penne, rendering it improbable that the secretary of state would have addressed himself to him with a message from the maids of honour in a matter of such extreme delicacy.

"George was evidently an adventurer of a very low class. All that we learn about him from the papers of the Pinney family is that he was employed in the purchase of a pardon for the younger son of a dissenting minister. The whole sum which appears to have passed through George's hands on this occasion was sixty-five pounds. His commission on the transaction must, therefore, have been small. The only other information which we have about him is that he, some time later, applied to the government for a favour which was very far from being an honour. In England, the groom porter of the Palace had jurisdiction over games of chance, and made some very dirty gain by issuing lottery tickets and licensing hazard tables. George appears to have petitioned for a similar privilege in the American colonies" (*History*, vol. i, 320 *sqq.*, crown octavo edition).

To the closing statement it should have been added that "his Majesty was pleased to refer Penne's petition to the consideration of the Right Hon. the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury." But it may be said generally that Macaulay has here given the substance of what was known about George Penne when he wrote, and I cannot find that any very serious attempt has been made to find out more about him since. I think we may now venture to carry the identification a good deal further.

On turning over the pages of *The English Catholic Nonjurors of 1715*, edited by the late Very Rev. E. E. Estcourt, M.A., F.S.A., and J. Orlebar Payne, M.A. (Burns & Oates), one's attention is arrested by the following entry at p. 40, under the county of Dorset:

"GEORGE PENNE, of Weston, Esq., grandson of George Penne. Estate at Corcombe, South Perrott, &c., charged with £100 per annum to Susannah Penne, a Protestant, by Act of Parliament—£119 10s."

"Son of George Penne, by Anne, da. of Thomas Tregonwell, of Anderston, co. Dorset,

Esq. He married Susannah Thomas (probably named in the register) and died 1724."

A daughter of George Penne, by Susannah Thomas, married John Mackrell, a landowner in South Hants (*op. cit.*, p. 234).

The editors refer us to Hutchins' *History of Dorset*, where (vol. ii, pp. 92-4, edition of 1863) the history of the family of Penne, of Toller Welme, is given. From this we learn that they suffered severely as Popish recusants, and that in 1645 Mr. Penne's whole estate in the county of Dorset that underwent sequestration, was to the value of no less than £650 *per annum*. They also possessed estates in Gloucestershire and Hampshire. The services of the family to the royal cause were recognised by the grant of fairs in the twenty-fourth and twenty-eighth years of Charles II. George Penne, senior, died in 1695, in his eighty-eighth year; and his son, George Penne, junior, "was present at the Battle of the Boyne as a brigadier-general" in the army of James II. Hutchins adds that "the fortunes of this family"—which, by the way, formerly spelt its name *Penny*, possibly indicating that there was once a difference in the pronunciation of the names "Penne" and "Penn"—"were ruined by its loyalty to the House of Stuart."

It is therefore clear that the family of George Penne was an ancient one in Dorset—the county in which the Duke of Monmouth landed on his ill-starred expedition; that the Pennes were considerable landowners, occupying a not particularly obscure position, and ranking as "esquires"; that they were Catholics, and therefore antecedently likely to be acceptable to James II. and his court; and that George Penne himself was a man of some consequence in James's counsels. Penne's statement that "his family had been great sufferers for their loyalty" is justified to the full by the facts given by Hutchins.

I cannot help thinking that this identification of George Penne very much strengthens the hypothesis that it was he, and not William Penn, to whom Lord Sunderland's letter was addressed.

There is a further argument which seems to have escaped all who have hitherto dealt with this question. Macaulay lays much stress on the improbability that the maids of honour would have descended from Sir Francis Warre, of Hestercombe, "a baronet, and a member of Parliament," to George Penne. But Sunderland's letter couples a "Mr. Walden" and Penne—Mr. Walden being mentioned once first and once second of the pair. Who was Mr. Walden? Was he on a footing of equality with W. Penn, or with the "baronet and member of Parliament"? I can only say that, after some investigation, I find him a considerably more obscure personage than George Penne. I can only hazard a guess at his identity. There is repeated mention in Pepys of Major Lionel Walden, who was M.P. for the Borough of Huntingdon in 1661. From the Blue-Book containing a complete return of members of Parliament, it appears that he represented this borough in the Parliaments of 1679 and 1681. In that of 1685, Sir Lionel Walden, Kt., is member for co. Huntingdon, and Lionel Walden, Esq., for the borough. In the Convention Parliament both finally disappear. I can find only isolated mentions of these Waldens; e.g., in *Notes and Queries*, second series, v. 522, we are told that "Sims's Index contains references to Heralds' Visitations of different branches of the family in Essex, Huntingdon, Kent (many), Surrey and Sussex;" and Luttrell records (vol. ii, p. 70), July 4, 1690: "Several of the eminent and noted Roman catholics are taken up and committed to prison. Lieutenant col. Vaughan is also committed to prison, and sir Lionel Walden, upon account of

this new plott." It is a mere guess that Lionel Walden the younger may have been Sunderland's Mr. Walden. At all events, the Mr. Walden with whom Mr. Penne is coupled is a good deal more difficult to identify than George Penne himself. I will only add that, in the Third Report of the Historical MSS. Commission, p. 273, among some letters of rather a Jacobite tone, I find mention of the murder at Angiers of one Walden (no Christian name is given) by "Forbes, a Scotch gentleman." But I hope that some correspondent may be able with more confidence to identify the Mr. Walden of Lord Sunderland's oft-quoted letter.

C. E. DOBLE.

"VISANDUS BANDALARIUS."

London: May 15, 1886.

In Procopius's spirited account of the beginning of the Ostrogothic siege of Rome, in A.D. 537 (*GB. i. 18*), there is a story of a certain Gothic champion, who, after receiving thirteen wounds, was left on the battlefield for dead; but was discovered two days afterwards still breathing, and lived to an advanced age, greatly honoured by his countrymen. The man's name, as Procopius writes it, was *Οἰνάρεος Βανδαλάριος*, which Gibbon interpreted as "Visandus the standard-bearer," supposing *Βανδαλάριος* to be derived from the Low-Latin *bandum*, a banner. Gibbon's conjecture appears to be linguistically impossible; but it has been accepted by many subsequent writers, including Mr. Hodgkin in his recently published work, *Italy and her Invaders*.

I do not know whether any one has hitherto proposed what seems to me to be the obviously correct explanation, viz., that the warrior's real name was Wandilharis (identical with the Wandalarius of Jordanes), and that he had received the cognomen of *Wisandus*, i.e., "the Bison," in allusion to his strength and courage. The designation would certainly be highly appropriate for the hero of such an adventure. The spelling *Βανδαλάριος* of course offers no difficulty, as Procopius speaks of the Vandals (*Wandilos* or *Wandjalos*) as *Βάνδλοι*. It may be observed that Procopius calls the man by both his names whenever he mentions him (three times in the same paragraph), which he would not have done if he had supposed "bandalarius" to be merely a title of office.

HENRY BRADLEY.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

**M**ONDAY, May 24, 2.30 p.m. Geographical: Anniversary Meeting.

3 p.m. Linnean: Anniversary Meeting. Election of Council and Officers. Presidential Address by Sir John Lubbock, and postponed communication on "Forms of Seedlings and Causes thereof."

8 p.m. Society of Arts: Canto Lecture, "Animal Mechanics," IV., by Dr. B. W. Richardson.

8 p.m. Aristotelian: "Design in Organic and Inorganic Nature," by the Rev. A. L. Moore.

**T**UESDAY, May 25, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Function of Circulation," IV., by Prof. A. Gamgee.

8 p.m. Anthropological Institute: "The Ancient Egyptian Classification of the Races of Man," by Mr. R. S. Poole.

8 p.m. Society of Arts: "Cyprus since the British Occupation," by Mr. G. Gordon Hake.

8 p.m. Civil Engineers: Annual General Meeting. Report of the Council and Election of President and Council.

**W**EDNESDAY, May 26, 5 p.m. Hibbert Lecture: "The Origin and Growth of Religion as illustrated by Celtic Heathendom," VII., by Prof. Rhys.

8 p.m. Geological: "Further Proofs of the Pre-Cambrian Age of certain Granitoïd, Felistic, and other Rocks in North-western Pembrokeshire," by Dr. H. Hicks; "Some Rock-Specimens collected by Dr. Hicks in North-western Pembrokeshire," by Prof. T. G. Bonney; "The Glaciation of South Lancashire, Cheshire, and the Welsh Border," by Mr. Aubrey Strahan.

**TH**URSDAY, May 27, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Habit as a Factor in Human Morphology," by Prof. A. Macalister.

4.30 p.m. Royal Society.

8 p.m. Telegraph Engineers: "The Telephone as a Receiving Instrument in Military Telegraphy,"

by Capt. P. Cardew; "A Problem relating to the Economical Electrolytic Deposition of Copper," by Capt. H. R. Sankey.

8 p.m. Athenaeum: "Medieval Stained Glass and the Modern Revival," by Mr. Arthur Taylor.

8.30 p.m. Antiquaries: Election of Fellows.

**F**RIDAY, May 28, 5 p.m. Hibbert Lecture: "The Origin and Growth of Religion as illustrated by Celtic Heathendom," VIII., by Prof. Rhys.

8 p.m. English Goethe Society: Inaugural Meeting. Presidential Address by Prof. Max Müller. "World Literature, Illustrated by newly discovered Letters from Goethe and Carlyle."

8 p.m. Browning: "The Reasonable Rhythm of some of Mr. Browning's Poems," by the Rev. H. J. Bulkeley.

9 p.m. Royal Institution: "Electrical Deposition of Dust and Smoke," by Prof. Oliver Lodge.

**S**ATURDAY, May 29, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Light, with special reference to Effects resulting from its Action on various Substances," by Prof. G. G. Stokes.

SCIENCE.

*Etudes Critiques sur Propertius et ses Elégies.*

Par Frédéric Plessis, Maitre de Conférences à la Faculté des Lettres de Poitiers. (Paris.)

M. Plessis complains in his preface that French criticism has been too long withdrawn from Propertius. It may, indeed, safely be said that no important contribution to the elucidation of the Elegies has been made by a Frenchman since the beginning of the seventeenth century, when Passerat's voluminous but most valuable commentary (Paris, 1608) laid the real basis of all future exegesis. But then, nothing in the way of explanation which followed Passerat can be thought to equal him in worth for abundance of material and never-failing suggestiveness of every kind till the new and quite original commentary of Hertzberg (1842-1845). *Vnus Passeratius est mihi minores*, as only those can know who possess him, and they are few; for the volume (a folio) is rare and, in these octavo days, cumbersome.

M. Plessis may be congratulated on the interesting style in which he has dealt with his subject. His volume is lively and never fatigues. I cannot recall any book on Propertius which seems to me so well written. Many a Frenchman and, it may be hoped, not a few Englishmen, will here find themselves launched pleasantly enough on the drifting tides of a real passion of old Roman life.

To begin with what gives M. Plessis' work an unique interest, and, indeed, makes it indispensable to every student of the poems—the three facsimiles of the *Neapolitanus* (N.). M. Plessis, inspired by M. Bénoist, determined to examine this MS. for himself, and went for the purpose to Wolfenbüttel, where it now is. He has submitted the facsimile to the experienced eyes of two of the most eminent palaeographers living—M. Léopold de Lisle and M. Chatelain, and they pronounce it to belong to the end of the twelfth or the beginning of the thirteenth century. The discussion in which this is demonstrated, and the opinions of L. Müller and Bährrens—who assign the MS., the former to the fourteenth or fifteenth, the latter to the fifteenth century—proved to be wrong, are very valuable from the detailed minuteness with which the writing is examined. Space will not permit me to do more than mention two of the arguments—(1) the green colour used in the initials, which points to a date before 1220; (2) the use of *g* for *et* at the end of words, e.g., *oportet habet* for *oportet habet*. Equally assailable, it seems, is the judgment of Bährrens on the age of the

Vatican MS. (Ottobon. 1514), once in the Jesuit College at Rome. Instead of belonging to the end of the fourteenth century, three Roman experts—Mr. Stevenson, jun., M. Maurice Faucon and M. P. de Nolhac—pronounce it to belong to the middle of the fifteenth, a consideration which somewhat takes from its importance. It is unfortunate that M. Plessis has not secured equally competent opinions on the other Propertian MSS. of which he gives an account. Meanwhile, however, it is satisfactory to find that the conclusions which a careful review of the internal data furnished by the *Neapolitanus* had led a long series of philologists to adopt are now reinforced by the palaeographical judgment of such eminent judges as de Lisle and Chatelain, and, I am able to add, our own eminent expert, E. M. Thompson. *N* is not only the best MS. of Propertius as judged by its readings, but the earliest in point of date.

A chapter on the editions follows, in which all of any importance are discussed and estimated. I do not think quite sufficient weight is attached by M. Plessis to his own countryman, Passerat; and Hertzberg is certainly underrated. Hertzberg is the only Latin scholar of first-rate mark in the present century who has commented on the whole of Propertius. Paley's useful and meritorious edition can hardly claim to be final anywhere, and Mr. Postgate has confined his attention to a few typical elegies.

The question on the division into four or five books is settled in favour of the MS. division into four. The discussion is clear, concise, and persuasive, if not convincing. Side views, like those of Birt, are not ignored; but the main question is kept steadily in view.

The chapter on interpolations is hardly as satisfactory. Eleven passages which are suspected are brought under review, and many of them condemned. M. Plessis here has the merit of bringing into light the views of some less known critics, such as Heimreich, K. Weber, Heydenreich, and others; and his exposition of their destructive criticisms may perhaps amuse conservative, and will, it may be hoped, stimulate to fresh inquiry more suspecting and curious students. Always the manner is light and interesting; but I need not remark that to examine only eleven passages where so much may be called in question is, to say the least, tantalising; to use a stronger and severer word, is unsatisfactory.

Two chapters on the name and country of Propertius, and on the chronology of his life, are followed by a short biography—these by an étude on the character of his poetry and some remarks on the history of elegy generally. Then the text of three elegies is given with an *apparatus criticus* of great minuteness, in which the opinions of nearly all who have written on the subject are quoted, and some new conjectures broached.

No book which I have seen appears to me to give more satisfactory indication of the reviving interest of our French neighbours in Latin poetry. M. Bénoist may be congratulated on his pupil.

R. ELLIS.

MR. GRANT DUFF ON THE STUDY OF  
THE DAVIDIAN LANGUAGES.

MR. GRANT DUFF's address, delivered to the graduates admitted at the Convocation of the Senate of the University of Madras on March 25, contains, besides a great many pieces of good advice to young Indians on choosing a useful career outside the Government service, some excellent remarks on the much-neglected study of the Dravidian languages. It is extraordinary that this rich mine of philological ore should remain so neglected both by native and European scholars. Some of the most important problems in comparative philology and ethnology expect their solution from a proper study of Tamil and Telugu. Caldwell's *Comparative Grammar*, following on Max Müller's *Letter on the Turanian Languages*, rendered the connexion between the Dravidian and Mongolian families of speech extremely probable, though not quite proven. Since then little or nothing has been added. In the study of Turanian philology, which has acquired new interest through the discoveries of Accadian scholars, the Dravidian dialects have hardly ever been consulted. Why does not Dr. Oppert, of Madras, combine with his illustrious brother at Paris to see whether ancient Tamil may not throw some light on Sumerian grammar?

Mr. Grant Duff throws out a hint that there may be some connexion between the Dravidians and the Australians. It may be so physically, though even that has not yet been proved; but of linguistic relationship there is no trace. However, if the Governor of Madras, previous to his approaching departure, has given a new impulse to a critical study of Dravidian philology and archaeology, he will have done a good work. We subjoin a few extracts from his address:

"Are you Dravidians autochthones? Very certainly you have much more reason to call yourselves so than any Greek ever had; but are you? and, if not, how otherwise? There is a great amount of knowledge concerning you collected in Dr. Macleane's most remarkable manual of the administration of the Presidency—a book so valuable that it is a gratification to me to think that its composition synchronised with my term of office in this country; but, again and again, the cables break off short. If anyone can pick up those cables from the bottom of the sea of oblivion, surely it should be one of yourselves.

"The Aryans of the West, by close study of the sacred languages of the Aryans of the East, have learned not only a great deal about their own early history, but have been able to tell the Aryans of the East almost everything that these last know about *their own history*.

"Why should not you, Dravidians, after learning the scientific methods of the West, apply them to your own languages? Study your own languages comparatively, as Bishop Caldwell advised you years ago. He was a wise man who said: "There is, perhaps, more to be learned from human language than from anything that has been written in it."

"Why, again, if we want someone to decipher your own inscriptions, must we send thousands and thousands of miles away, and hunt up some scholar in the valley of the Danube?

"Then there is the question of the characters which you use in writing. Are you sure that you are giving your vernaculars a fair chance, supposing that is, you intend to retain them, as I presume you do? Languages which have a frighteningly difficult character, and one which is exceptionally expensive to print, are at a great disadvantage in the battle of life.

"I suppose there is no insuperable difficulty in simplifying your characters. The Jesuits used, three hundred years ago, a form of Roman character for writing Concan; but, nowadays, these are changes which, if they are made at all, must be made by the people most concerned.

"And, if you do not take the lead, who will?

"Then, there are the religions of Southern India. How little is known of these? I do not

speak of those religions which came to India with the races who dwelt behind the great range, nor of those religions which have been brought by conquerors or traders from beyond the sea. There are numerous gaps in our knowledge, even of some of the most recently introduced of these, to be filled up, as, for instance, with regard to the so-called Syrian Christians of Malabar and the Jews of Cochin. We have not even yet recovered the thread by which they are to be connected with the great web of human history. Why do not some of our Christian graduates, of whom we have so large a number, try to do this? Far more difficult, however, and much larger, are the problems connected with the early religions of this part of India, which still form an important ingredient in the system of belief even of many who have been greatly affected by Vedic and other Aryan influences, but which in many districts have survived, I apprehend, with little alteration, for uncounted ages.

"To the sciences of Comparative Philology and of Comparative Religion one of the most gifted men who ever landed on the shores of India—I mean Sir Henry Maine—is on the way to add a third science, for which neither he nor anyone else has exactly found a name, but which may be described as the early history of institutions as observed chiefly in India. I grudge, however, a little, though it is inevitable, that Aryan institutions, the institutions of early conquerors, should engross so much attention. I want the non-Aryan people of the South to tell us something about their institutions, which go back to a period as compared with which the hoariest Indo-Aryan antiquity is as the news in Reuter's latest telegram.

"Has anyone studied the village life of the South? Are there no facts to be collected from a careful examination of it which would be useful to some future Sir Henry Maine? If there are, surely you should be the people to collect them.

"It makes one who has a strong feeling for South India a little sad to read such a book as Prof. Max Müller's *India, what can it teach us?* and to see how very little it has to do with India south of the Vindhyan range. The Vedas, and all that is connected with them, belong to a world not so far outside the limits of your India as is the literature of the Western Aryans, but still outside them. I should like to see the pre-Sanskrit element amongst you asserting itself rather more, and showing what it could do to help on the general work of humanity."

CORRESPONDENCE.  
RUSSIAN LOAN-WORDS IN GERMAN.

Vienna: May 10, 1886.

Under this title, Mr. H. Krebs gives (ACADEMY, Nos. 726 and 728) a list of twelve German words, which he alleges to have been borrowed from the Russian. There are, however, only four words among them which in reality were imported from the Russian into German—namely, *Droschke* (a four-wheel carriage), *Knute* (knout), *Steppe* (Steppe), *Zobel* (sable)—not direct, but through Polish and Bohemian. German *böse* (evil, wicked), cannot be borrowed from the Slavonic, because Old-German *bösi*, German *boshaft*, &c., are contradictory. The remaining seven words: *Grenze* (frontier), *Dolmetsch* (interpreter), *Petschaft* (sealing-stamp), *Kalesche* (a four-wheel carriage), *Petische* (whip), *Karbatsche* (whip), *Stieglitz* (gold-finch), were imported into German not from the Russian, but from the adjacent Polish, Sorabian, Bohemian, and Slovenian. Pol. *granica*, Sorab.-Sloven. *tolmac* (from the Turkish *tilmac*), Sloven. *pečat*, Sloven.-Bohem. *kolsa*, Bohem.-Pol. *bicz*, Pol. *karbacz* (from the Turkish *kerbač*), Bohem. *stehlic*. The German is much less in contact with the Russian than with the West-Slavonic languages.

Besides, Mr. H. Krebs enumerates six German words which are "probably" of a common Aryan origin with the Slavonic. There are only two such among them: *Arbeit*, Old-Slavonic *rabota* (labour), and *Schnee*, Slavonic

*sněgъ* (snow). If German *Pflug* were of a common Aryan origin with the Slavonic *pluž* (plough), it would sound in Germanic languages quite otherwise. The German words *Schmerz* (pain), and *Antlitz* (face), have nothing in common with the Russian *smert'* and *lice*. To Slavonic *sí-mřt'* (death) corresponds German *Mord* (murder), and, still better, Sanscrit *mrti-*, Latin *mors*, *morti-s*, Lithuanian *mirti-s* (death). The Slavonic *lice* (from \**lik-jo-*) corresponds with German *lich* in *weiblich* (female), *männlich* (male) and English *like*; German *gleich* = Middle-German *ge-lich*, Gothic *ga-leiks*. Lastly, the Old-Slavonic *xladi* is not of a common Aryan origin with the German *kalt* (cold), for then it would be Slavonic *\*golt'*, Old-Slavonic *\*glati*. J. HANUSZ.

## SCIENCE NOTES.

THE arrangements have now been made for the annual meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, which will be held this year at Birmingham, from Wednesday, September 1 to Wednesday, September 8. On the first of these days the president elect, Sir William Dawson, principal of McGill College, Montreal, will deliver his address. The two popular evening discourses will be given by Prof. Rutherford, of Edinburgh, on "The Sense of Hearing"; and by Mr. A. W. Rucker, late professor at Leeds, on "Soap Bubbles." On the evenings of both Thursday and Tuesday *soirées* will be held; while the Saturday afternoon of the meeting and the Thursday following its conclusion will, as usual, be devoted to excursions to places of interest in the neighbourhood of Birmingham. The following is the list of presidents of sections: mathematical and physical science, Prof. George H. Darwin, of Cambridge; chemical science, Mr. W. Crookes; geology, Prof. T. G. Bonney, of University College, London; biology, Mr. William Carruthers, of the British Museum; geography, Sir F. J. Goldsmid, secretary of the Royal Asiatic Society; economic science and statistics, Mr. John Biddulph Martin; mechanical science, Sir James N. Douglass; anthropology, Sir George Campbell.

MESSRS. WHITTAKER & CO. and MESSRS. Bell announce in their new "Series of Handbooks for Practical Engineers" Dr. Julius Maier's book on *Arc and Glow Lamps*. It will be a complete handbook on the subject, specially dwelling upon its practical applications, and giving the latest results and improvements.

THE next volume in the same series will be Mr. Gisbert Kapp's *Electric Transmission of Energy*, which is promised early next week.

MR. W. ANDERSON has revised and added some new matter to his lectures on the conversion of heat into work, which excited much attention when delivered last year at the Society of Arts. They will be published in book form by the same publishers.

## MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

HELLENIC SOCIETY.—(Friday, May 7.)

PROF. C. T. NEWTON in the Chair.—Prof. Jebb read a paper on "The Homeric House in Relation to the Remains at Tiryns." The paper was illustrated by two plans which were placed side by side—one showing the house at Tiryns, as described by Dr. Dörpfeld, and the other the Homeric house, as archaeologists, following the Homeric data, have hitherto been accustomed to conceive it—the plan given by J. Protodikos (1877) being taken as a basis. It was not the purpose of the paper to discuss the questions which had been raised as to the origin and the age of the remains; whether, as Dr. Schliemann supposes, they are Phoenician, of about 1100 B.C., or, as some experts believe after seeing them, post-classical. The question which would be considered was solely this—assuming Dr.

Dörpfeld's plan of the house at Tiryns to be accurate, can this plan be brought into general agreement with the Homeric data? Prof. Jebb then showed that, while the house at Tiryns has certain features in common with the Homeric, there is a difference of the most essential kind. At Tiryns, the great hall of the men (*μένων*) is completely isolated from the smaller hall identified with the apartments of the women. The only communications between them are by extremely circuitous and intricate routes. In the Homeric poem the women's apartments are immediately behind the men's hall, and directly communicate with it by a door. This was demonstrated by a connected survey of the evidence in the *Odyssey*. In particular, it was shown that the entire plan for the slaying of the suitors (book xxii.) turns upon such an arrangement. The door at the upper end of the hall, leading to the women's apartments, is shut, from within them, by Eurykleia, and Odysseus then shoots the suitors from the threshold of the entrance at the lower end of the hall. In regard to certain minor points of this episode which have been found obscure, Prof. Jebb had some new suggestions to offer, tending to present the story as a clear and consistent whole. In conclusion, he pointed out that the difference between the Homeric house and that at Tiryns—as Dr. Dörpfeld gives it—is not merely a variation of detail. In regard to the most vital aspect of the home, it is a contrast of type. And if the Tiryns type is assumed as that which the Homeric poet intended, the *Odyssey* ceases to be intelligible.—In the discussion which followed, Prof. Butcher thought that Prof. Jebb had made out his main contention conclusively to those familiar with the *Odyssey*.—Prof. Gardner entirely agreed as to the necessary connexion between the men's and the women's apartments in the Homeric house, but was not quite convinced that such an arrangement was shut out by the plan at Tiryns. It seemed hard to believe that at any period there would be such isolation as the plan seemed to indicate. As nothing but foundations remained, might there not have been a postern (*δρόσθια*) between the *μένων* and the *θηλαῖον*, raised above the floors, and therefore not visible in the present remains?—Replying to Prof. Gardner, Prof. Jebb pointed out that Dr. Dörpfeld does not recognise any *δρόσθια* at Tiryns, and that if it had existed it would necessarily have been the usual mode of access to the men's hall from the women's, as being so much the easiest. To it, then, we should have to apply the oft-repeated verse as to Penelope "standing by the door-post of the hall," which, however, obviously refers to one of the principal entrances, not to a mere postern in a side wall.

**ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.**—(Tuesday, May 11.)  
FRANCIS GALTON, Esq., President, in the Chair.—Mr. Galton read some notes on "Permanent Colour Types in Mosaic," in which he advocated the adoption of certain specimens of mosaic material as permanent specimens of standard colours for the description of tints of skin. The original paintings by Broca, as well as the lithographs from them, have already changed colour, and some more permanent standard is greatly needed. There can be no question as to the persistence of the colours of mosaic. Some specimens in St. Peter's at Rome that are more than a century old have the appearance of being brand-new. The material is inexpensive, and as the variety of tints in the Vatican manufactory is very large—the flesh tints appropriate to European nations alone being about 500 in number—there would be no difficulty in selecting such a series as anthropologists desire.—Prof. Flower exhibited a Nicobarese skull, sent over by Mr. E. H. Man, together with some photographs of the natives.—Prof. Thane read a paper by Prof. A. Macalister on some African skulls and on a New Ireland skull in the Anatomical Museum of the University of Cambridge.—Dr. Garson reported that the correspondence as to an international agreement on the cephalic index had been brought to a satisfactory conclusion, and that the scheme advocated by him in his paper, read before the Institute in February last, had been accepted by sixty of the leading anthropologists on the Continent. Dr. Garson read a paper on "The Skeleton and Cephalic Index of the Japanese."

#### EDINBURGH MATHEMATICAL SOCIETY.—(Friday, May 14.)

DR. R. M. FERGUSON, President, in the Chair.—Mr. J. S. Mackay gave a construction, due to the Right Hon. H. C. E. Childers, for solving the problem of medial section; Mr. W. Peddie read the second part of a paper on the theory of contour lines and its application to physical science; and Mr. A. Y. Fraser submitted a paper by Mr. Charles Chree on the vibrations of a spherical or cylindrical body surrounded by or containing fluid.

#### ROYAL ASIATIC.—(Anniversary Meeting, Monday, May 17.)

COL. YULE, President, in the Chair.—Portions of the past year's report having been read by the Secretary, the following were elected as the council and officers of next sessions: president, Col. Yule; director, Sir H. C. Rawlinson; vice-presidents, Sir T. E. Colebrooke, Gen. A. Cunningham, James Gibbs, and the Rev. A. H. Sayce; council: Cecil Bendall, F. V. Dickins, Prof. R. K. Douglas, Sir Barrow Ellis, George A. Grierson, Arthur Grote, Henry C. Kay, Prof. Terrien de Lacouperie, Gen. R. MacLagan, Henry Morris, R. Sewell, Capt. R. C. Temple, T. H. Thornton, M. J. Walhouse, and Sir Monier-Williams; treasurer: E. L. Brandreth; hon. secretary: R. N. Cust; secretary: Sir F. J. Goldsmid.—The President then delivered an address, in which he remarked on the heavy loss sustained by the society in the death of so many of its more eminent members, referring especially to the late secretary, Mr. W. S. W. Vaux, Sir Arthur Phayre, Mr. James Ferguson, and Mr. Edward Thomas. He also notified that, in consequence of a letter addressed by Mr. H. C. Kay to the secretary, in the early part of the year, a council meeting had been convened to consider the causes of, and possible remedy for, the low ebb at which the study of Oriental languages and literature stands in this country. On the resolution passed at this meeting, a special committee had been nominated for whose guidance the following heads of inquiry had been suggested, without excluding others of a kindred nature that might occur to them: 1. To prepare a list of appointments in England, whether in government establishments, universities or colleges, or similar institutions, for which a scholarlike acquaintance with Oriental languages is a necessary or important qualification with the emoluments of each and mode of appointment. 2. To consider the possibility of approaching the government, the universities, the city companies, &c., for support in the promotion of Oriental studies. 3. To consider the possibility and expediency of amalgamating this society with any others of kindred objects, and of reducing the subscriptions now in force. 4. To report whether the publication of Oriental works beyond the scope of the *Journal* should be undertaken. 5. To consider any means by which the society could be rendered more popular, consistent with its objects and character.—The next meeting will be Monday, June 21.

#### FINE ART.

##### THE EDINBURGH INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

The Art Department of the Edinburgh International Exhibition includes a well-selected collection of over seventeen hundred paintings. Among these is a fairly interesting and representative gathering of current British and Belgian art; but the main attraction of the display lies in its exceptionally rich and varied Loan Section illustrative of English, Scottish, French, and Dutch work.

The foreign portion of this Loan Section, consisting of nearly two hundred choice pictures, has been organised, with much knowledge and taste, by Mr. Hamilton Bruce, one of the members of the Art Committee; and it may be pronounced the most important collection of recent foreign work which has yet been brought together in Britain.

In its French department we have twenty

exquisite examples of the tender, silvery, poetic landscapes of Corot, including "Le Lac de Garde," a morning effect perfect in its air of quietude and in the divine purity of its grey tones. The vigorous, manly work of Daubigny is represented by thirteen canvases, and the ardent intense art of Theodore Rousseau by seven; while by Diaz we have a fine life-size allegorical figure, titled "Autumn," several spirited landscapes, and a little piece of brilliant animal painting—"The Chase." Two admirable works show the solidly painted cattle subjects of Troyon; there are several pastorals by Charles Jacque; while the simpler and more homely of the subjects of Decamps are admirably represented by a powerfully handled stable interior. Courbet is seen mainly in fruit pieces; and Volland figures—not quite adequately—in a single small subject of "Strawberries." Of Millet's work we have seven delightful specimens. "L'Amour Vainqueur" is one of those classical figure-pieces which formed his earlier subjects. "The Fisherman's Wife" is remarkable for the powerful and sweeping lines of its figure—grand in contour, almost, as a statue by Angelo. "The Wood Sawers" is distinguished by its splendid vigour of action, solidity of handling, and force of colour; while the pastel drawing of a sheepfold bathed in brilliant moonlight, is a noble example of Millet in his most tender and poetic mood. Fully typical of the romantic phase of French art is "La Barque de Don Juan," a sketch by Delacroix; equally typical of the classical art of France, which claims descent from David, and concerns itself with the selection and clear expression of definite beauties of form and outline, is a nude reclining figure, "L'Odalisque," by Ingres; while in eight glowing colour-dreams by Monticelli we see this artist's strangely fascinating treatment of detail—vague to excess for the most part, but touched at this point and that with a curious emphasis and precision. The "Landscape—Autumn" is a superb example of his wayward and lovely art.

In the Dutch section of Mr. Bruce's gallery, the work of the gifted brothers Maris is exhibited in excellent profusion and completeness. Chief among the productions of James Maris that are shown is a noble study of a moonlit sky, with broken, wildly tossed, opalescent clouds, overhanging a darkened landscape and a sluggish stream. His "Souvenir de Dordrecht," too, is a fine success, with its delicate expression of the soft, faint, harmonious tinting of a clear evening sky. The art of Matthew Maris is always individual and interesting, if, sometimes—as in "A Child's Head" and "The Castle"—it is merely, or mainly, fantastic and whimsical. His own portrait is admirable in expression and attitude; his small landscape, No. 1013, is full of power and concentration; while several of his mediaeval figure-subjects are quaintly fascinating, and distinguished by admirable and telling combinations of colour. The truth of tone and clear silvery quality of William Maris is seen to great advantage in his "Landscape with Cattle." Josef Israels is represented by some important works, such as the cottage scene, titled, "For this and all Thy Mercies," most powerful in the character and expression of the heads of its figures; while another interior, "The Sleeping Child," is the most perfect picture by the master that we remember to have seen, thoroughly excellent in the absolute truth and quietude of its tone and lighting. By Bosboom we have several interiors in water-colour, with crisp, direct expression of detail and a fine sense of atmosphere; but his most striking work is an upright in oils, an impressive cathedral interior, full of a sense of vastness and amplitude, and with rich sombre colouring in its great organ-loft, and in the dark masses of worshippers that crowd beneath it. The "Christmas Day at Antwerp" during

the Spanish Occupation," is a thoroughly representative example of the grave, restrained, and learned art of Baron Ley.

In the English section of the Loan Department there is, among the portraits, an interesting selection of the works of Reynolds, Gainsborough and Romney, including Reynolds's "Ladies Elizabeth and Harriet Montagu," and Gainsborough's "Duke of Montagu" and "Duchess of Montagu," lent by the Duke of Buccleuch, and—from the Duke of Hamilton—Reynolds's "Hon. Mrs. P. Beckford" and "The Tenth Duke of Hamilton," and Romney's group of "The Daughters of William Beckford." In a head of the late Duncan M'Laren, M.P., we have a characteristic and powerful example of the portraiture of Mr. E. J. Gregory.

Among the works of the English figure-painters is Etty's superbly coloured "Judgment of Paris," and several fine life-studies; Stothard's mellow and harmonious "Sans Souci"; a few good examples by Bonnington, including his "Francis I. and his Mistress," and several small figure-pieces by Muller.

The earlier English landscapists, especially Constable and Richard Wilson, are here—for the first time in a Scottish exhibition—represented fully and adequately. Among the works of the former is his "Glebe Farm," and a large and powerful study for his "Hay Wain," lent by Mr. Woolner and Mr. Henry Vaughan respectively; and among those by Richard Wilson we have a fine version of the "Niobe," lent by Mr. Andrews, and the delicate little "Nemi," lent by Mr. Orrock. "African Hospitality" is an admirably toned grey picture by Morland; and works by Crome, Cotman, Cox, Chambers, Ibbetson, and Linnell find a place upon the walls.

We have left little space for an account of the Scottish portion of the collection, which is representative of the course of art in the North from the days of Jamesone to those of such living painters as Sir W. Fettes Douglas, Orchardson, Pettie, and Lockhart. Of Sir Henry Raeburn there are some five well-selected examples. "Adam Rolland of Gask," is a good specimen of his full lengths; the white-draped "Dame Helen Houston" is one of the sweetest and most unlaboured of his female portraits; but greatest of all his works in the galleries is his head of Mr. Wardrop, of Torban Hill, a production powerful enough to hold its own against the very greatest of modern portraits. By George Watson, the first P. R. S. A., is an excellent portrait of himself and one of his mother; and by Sir John Watson Gordon is his celebrated three-quarter length of Henry MacKenzie, the author of *The Man of Feeling*. Among the works of the figure-painters is Wilkie's "Penny Wedding" and his "Blind Man's Buff," both lent by Her Majesty the Queen; his small cabinet portrait of Sir Walter Scott and his family; and "Dressing the Bride," a singularly admirable example of his later manner. Near this is hung Duncan's important engraved works—"Prince Charles's Entry into Edinburgh" and "Prince Charles in the Cave"; and among the productions of R. S. Lander is his "Trial of Effie Deans," one of the most dramatic and impressive of Scottish figure pictures. The subject paintings by living artists include five by Orchardson, three by Lockhart, some five by Sir W. Fettes Douglas, four by Sir Noel Paton; while in the landscape department, the Rev. John Thomson, Milne Donald, Sam Bough, W. Simson, H. MacLachlan, and G. P. Chalmers are among the artists of the past who are fully and characteristically represented.

#### THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

In the Exhibition of the Society of British Artists there is such a distinct advance that it has become one of the duties of the artistic

season to visit that show. Yet it is, and it is likely for sometime to remain, a very strange mixture. There are pictures there which, unless they chanced to be the work of elderly and respectable Academicians, would be hung, even at the Academy, in the loftiest position or in the most remote rooms. There are pictures, too, which reflect the inspirations of Mr. Faed and Mr. Frith at second hand—landscapes which might proceed from a Creswick of the second order, or a Hook grown vulgarised and "singing out of tune." Then there are the more individual figure pieces of Mr. Arthur Hill: suave damsels thinly draped—in days before the British matron—say rather the Brixton or the Islington matron—declared her own supremacy, they were permissibly nude. Again, there are the rustic figures, the realistic rustic figures of Mr. Picknell; the landscapes of Mr. Leslie Thomson; the church interiors of Mr. Wyke Bayliss; the portraits or pretty domesticities of the president, Mr. Burr. And then there is the true French school and the school of Mr. Whistler. These have something in common; they touch at more points than one, but, very obviously, do not quite coincide. Mr. Picknell, himself, whom I have referred to by name, is of that French school, and a very clever person he is. Yet, what a contrast between the brutality of his "plein air"—the school of "plein air"; that is the French novelist's name for it—and the poetic realism of Mr. Whistler! Broadly speaking it might be possible to divide the more promising men into adherents of the French school and followers of the brilliant but dainty American; but to make such a division would not be very profitable, for, after all, everybody who is interesting is interesting for his own sake. He may have this from the French, or that from the American; but unless he mixes it with something of his own—unless, in a word, he becomes an individuality and not a mechanical reproduction—he will not charm us lastingly. He will not long be remembered. "Ce que je cherche dans un tableau"—the saying bears repetition—"c'est un homme, et non pas un tableau." Let us, not exhaustively, of course, but carefully, however slightly, seek for "the men," not only for "the pictures," in an exhibition in which, more and more of late, individuality has come to be manifested.

Mr. Whistler sends a "Harmony in Blue and Gold," the objects prettily suggested being a tall young woman, a light drapery lissome of fold, a balustrade, a bit of matting, a Japanese parasol. The elements of this slightly executed, yet always happily suggestive, picture are familiar ones in Mr. Whistler's practice. He has wrought—in painting, in pastel, and in drypoint—many exercises on the theme of the young woman, lightly draped, seen against the balustrade. So much for the line, the composition, which changes more or less no doubt in every work, but changes less than the arrangement of colour. In colour, each exercise is wholly new; and here the scheme is one that gives pleasure to those who have any entrance into the method of the painter's art. It could have been carried further; and, unlike certain exquisite little pieces at the Messrs. Dowdeswell's, it would gain by being carried further. Still, it shows to the initiated what it is that the painter means. It is an engaging pictorial message, even though it be a brief one—the sixpenny telegram of art, and not a voluminous dispatch.

Mr. Starr, Mr. Dannat, and Mr. William Stott (of Oldham)—who, to judge from a correspondence in another place, does not like me, as a critic, it appears, but who "may like me yet; marry and amen!"—he has read *The Ring and the Book*, I hope—are among the other, perhaps newer, individualities it is interesting to note. Roughly speaking, of these three, may one say that Mr. Dannat is a pure realist, that

Mr. Starr has style with realism, and that Mr. William Stott (of Oldham) has poetry with realism? Mr. Dannat has at least one very vigorous and direct portrait, Mr. Starr has a vision of Paddington station just as the "Flying Dutchman" has been signalled and is near. It is early in the afternoon. The milk cans of the Aylesbury Dairy Company encumber one end of the platform; but generally the platform is deserted, peopled only by a few waiting porters, a distinguished looking elderly man, a lady-like young woman, and a boy with a rabbit-hutch. And in the grey light of London, at three o'clock, the train is arriving. The work is entirely unsensual, purely artistic; and in the treatment, so full of tact, of a modern scene and of a modern incident, it is one out of a hundred effective answers to the foolishness which its utterers account wisdom. "You cannot paint modern dress," protest, again to-day, the serfs of the schools—the copyists of four centuries ago. Yet all the great men have done it; and here is another man who has done it. Millais and Orchardson, and Gregory and Whistler, Manet, Gervex, and Degas—they have all done it, and plenty of others besides. Very prettily, with reticence and taste, Mr. William Stott (of Oldham) does it in "The Kissing Ring." "Ronde d'Enfants" he calls his work, otherwise. They are very young children, children of the poor, and they dance a little dolefully together, in some grey evening light of some forlorn coast. It is quite a memorable picture.

Time alone is wanting, or it would be very easy to dwell on pleasant and creditable contributions by Mr. Arthur Hill, by Mr. Picknell, by Mr. Leslie Thomson, Mr. Gotch, Mr. Menpes, Mr. Harper Pennington. The reader knows that they are all good men in their different ways. And there are others besides who help to give some interest and some value to the exhibition in a gallery which that very small public which is really concerned with Art and with Art's progress can no longer afford to neglect.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

#### BROWN AND GOLD.

MR. WHISTLER's "Brown and Gold" is the happiest of his decorative efforts. The little room at Messrs. Dowdeswell's never looked so dainty before. As the room, so the contents. There is scarcely one of his little "bits" which is not fit for an epicure. To those who want the rich meats and full-bodied wines of art, the Grosvenor is to be recommended, to those whose digestion is impregnate, Burlington House. But art-lovers with a sensitive palate, who seek gentle stimulation and delightful restoratives, the "oysters and Chablis" of art, let them use this hostelry.

How many beauties has Mr. Whistler preserved for us—little things mostly—that have charmed us almost unconsciously, and that other artists have disregarded or abandoned as unpaintable! The colour and movement of a market place (11), the fresh, sweet light and shade of a spring garden, with rosy faces (56), the mass and tumble of the sea (58), the shell-like opalescence of the sunny shore (25), the glorious confusion of the fruiterer's shop (6), the liquid shimmer of a park pond (68), the mirage-like appearance of waders in shoal water (1). And how many more delicate, evanescent pleasures has he seized for us beyond the art of words to describe and apparently beyond the art of any brush but his own! And he seems to find beauty where we look for none, to follow us in our most uninteresting walks, and now and then to say, "Look here, you have missed this." He carries his divining rod into the slums, and rescues jewels from the gutter.

It is of little use to write about the beauties

of Mr. Whistler's work, the magic dexterity of his execution, the almost faultless taste of his colour, the perfection of his tone—those who are not touched by the sight of such qualities, will scarcely be convinced by the ear. They will still think "Red and Brown—Hoxton" (60) unfinished, and see nothing but a saucy hussy in "Note in Flesh-colour and Red" (18). Nevertheless, it may be supposed that the number of such critics is diminishing. Time works wonders, and Mr. Whistler's consistency in asserting his personality has not been without effect. His work has for many years run the gauntlet of derision and caricature; but he has refused to change, laughing with those who took him as a jest, but ever serious with himself. He is still easy to laugh at, still easy to imitate up to a certain point; but the number is daily increasing of those who detect in his work much which cannot be laughed out of court, and which even the most skilful plagiarist cannot catch. At Messrs. Dowdeswell's this year, he is wholly himself; in water-colour and pastel inimitable, in oil sometimes exquisite—in everything (pencil scraps included) the distinct Whistler, the master of pictorial shorthand, the poet of accident, the prophet of the not-too-much.

After so thoroughly enjoying Mr. Whistler's hospitality, it is, perhaps, ungrateful to record after sensations; but yet, as the guest was also a critic, it may be allowed him to record just the slightest twinge of mauve.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

#### NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

OWING to unexpected difficulties in the preparation of the photogravures, the first part of the work which Mr. Humphry Ward is editing for Messrs. Boussod, Valadon & Co., under the title of *English Art in the Public Galleries of London*, will not be published till October next. After that date it is intended to bring out a number every month.

M. J. J. TISSOT will have on view next week, at Messrs. Tooth's Galleries in the Haymarket, a collection of pictures all dealing with Parisian life.

THE pamphlet published by Mr. William Reeves of "Notes on the Pictures of Mr. Holman Hunt," with a reprint of Mr. Ruskin's criticisms, is even more interesting than the Millais "Notes," for it gives the dates of the pictures exhibited in New Bond Street, as well as some authentic information about the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, supplementary to Mr. Hunt's own story in the *Contemporary*. Mr. Woolner writes:

"So far as I always understood, Hunt was the first to paint in the manner referred to. Rossetti saw his work, admired and emulated; and they both persuaded Millais to attempt the same style. Practically, no other had any very direct influence on the movement."

MESSRS. ROBINSON & FISHER will sell, on Thursday and Friday of next week, a valuable collection of antiquities made by the Comte d'Herisson in North Africa, where he was at one time employed on a commission from the late Emperor Napoleon. The collection includes a large number of statuettes, vases, lamps, coins, inscribed slabs, &c.

MESSRS. CROSBY LOCKWOOD & Co. will publish immediately a small *Manual of Wood Engraving*, by Mr. William Norman Brown, dealing technically, and in a practical manner, with the art.

It is pleasant to find that that marvellous monthly, *Les Lettres et les Arts* (Boussod, Valadon, & Co.), has not failed in maintaining the promise of its first number. The part for May—not to mention literature proper, though

that includes a rural idyll by M. André Theurist, a set of verses by M. Paul Bourget, and an account of Pasteur by Dr. Dujardin-Beaumetz—is rendered notable by the illustrations to the article on the Salon. These are not mere memoranda from sketches by the artists, but full-page plates, reproducing by photogravure the actual pictures. We would specially mention the "Œdipe" of Gérôme, the "Repos des Moissonneuses" of Jules Breton, and the "Pain Bénit" of Dagnan-Bouveret. The "processed" woodcuts are less successful; but it would be impossible to command too highly the frontispiece, which represents with extraordinary delicacy of tints what we take to be a water-colour drawing by Mme. Madeleine Lemaire.

complete the general effect. Not that any attempt was unwisely made to achieve the impossible by a too studious imitation of archaic realism. While much was suggested by a few simple strokes, much more was left to be filled up by the imagination, or rather the memory, of the audience. For it is certain that those must have enjoyed the spectacle the most who brought to it minds thoroughly steeped in classical lore. If the performances at Oxford and Cambridge brought into prominence the acting qualities of a Greek play, Mr. Godwin has still been the first to teach us the capability of the Greek theatre.

And Mr. Godwin was fortunate both in his play and in his players. Mr. John Todhunter holds a place of his own among that numerous company of poets whom it is no dishonour to place in the second class. In his "Helena in Troas" he has deliberately followed a Greek model, without any pretension to emulate the passionate power of Shelley's "Prometheus," or the marvellous melody of Mr. Swinburne's "Atalanta." His work suffered a good deal from necessary "cuts" in the acting, but it will repay perusal in the study. It has already been published by Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. Of the actors not much need be said; for it was their duty to repress—in a large measure—those displays of emotion which constitute the very life of the modern stage. Oenone, we think, erred in paying too little attention to this note of classical drama. The part of Helena was not quite congenial to Miss Alma Murray, though she delighted us with the pureness of elocution and simplicity of gesture that she shares with Mr. Hermann Vezin.

But the chief charm as well as the chief novelty lay in the part of the chorus, upon whose training no pains had been spared. Their singing, we have been told, was technically not free from blame; but it would be impossible to pick any other fault in the performance. Though there was no attempt at dancing, their intricate windings over the orchestra, the rhythmical waving of their bare arms, and the grace of their white garments, strangely affected the imagination; while the important duty they have to perform in the development of the piece made itself no less strongly felt. The epode of the first choral song (describing the sea) and the epode again of the second (invoking Apollo) were particularly effective. A special word of commendation is due to the leader of the chorus for the thoroughness with which she sustained an arduous part.

"Helena in Troas" will be given again in the afternoons of Monday, Tuesday and Thursday of next week. Prof. Warr's company have also been encouraged to repeat their performance shortly after Whitsuntide, when the proceeds will be given to the building fund in aid of the ladies' department of King's College.

#### STAGE NOTES.

Two operatic pieces—in which blithe and agreeable music is presented along with an attractive *mise-en-scene*, pleasant actors, and a smart dialogue—have just lately been acted at the Avenue Theatre. One is the "Commodore," the other "Lurline." We have not seen the "Commodore," but it may be enough to know that Offenbach and Miss Violet Cameron are the sources of its attractiveness. To "Lurline" we can testify more directly. The music naturally is not all of Wallace. Those who have arranged the piece—and Messrs. Reece and Farnie are responsible for it, it seems—have, like Molière, taken their material from wheresoever they found it. Miss Violet Cameron is their principal actress. Looked at

musically, it is highly probable that the piece is less worthy than one or other of those with the successful interpretation of which she has been identified; but the whole thing is enjoyable, if not absolutely exalted—it is at the least very graceful where it is not very funny. Of the several comedians whom it employs, to our advantage—because there is not a part badly acted—it may be that Mr. Arthur Roberts is the one whose talent is the best displayed. He is, our readers ought to know it, the most recent of conspicuous instances of the bringing of a music hall actor into view at the regular theatres; and we do not hesitate to say that Mr. Roberts finds in such a piece as "Lurline" a very much better opportunity for the exercise of his art than the music hall can ever have afforded. Furthermore, he entirely justifies his appearance at the regular theatre, so great is the variety and ingenuity of his resource. Of the true low comedian—something very different from the mere grimace-maker, or the man whose exceptional ugliness is his good fortune—Mr. Roberts is now one of the most acceptable examples. Mr. Gerald Moore, who plays a languid youthful swell with quiet naturalness and ease, has too few opportunities in the piece; and while we welcome the transfer of Mr. Roberts from music hall to burlesque, we cannot undertake to so completely applaud Mr. Gerald Moore's transfer from high comedy. Of the ladies, Miss Madge Shirley—a new comer—unlike certain heroines of *opéra comique*, sings as one who has some voice and at least some little art in using it. Miss Violet Cameron, whose voice is rich, and whose style and personality are, as we have pointed out from the first, unexceptionable and exhilarating, is just as good in "Lurline" as in anything else. In her own line, her method and her faculties are unrivalled. Then—to complete the cast, as far as its real attractiveness is concerned—there is Miss Phyllis Broughton. She does several things as well as other people, and one thing much better—that is, of course, dancing. But Miss Broughton is variable, and she has never within what, we will admit, is our comparatively slight experience of her been so good as in the piece in which she is now performing. Her dancing here is noticeable, because, for once, at least, it equals Miss Kate Vaughan's in grace, while it excels it in energy. A very artistic person once—in the great days of the *Cornhill*—wrote a paper on "The Dance." He bewailed, and rightly bewailed, its decline and fall. As against the great times of Fanny Elsler and Taglioni—as against those remoter ones in France of Sallé and the Camargo—there is still, no doubt, a "decline and fall." But ten years ago, fifteen years ago, twenty years ago, nobody in England danced so well as Miss Broughton dances to-night. Where among our sculptors, let us enquire, is the Carpeaux who shall be inspired by her grace?

No less than two American companies are coming to us immediately. We have written already "the puff preparatory"; but it was such an honest puff of one of them—Mr. Augustin Daly's Comedy Company. We cannot undertake to do the same for the other, for it is only the "Adonis" Company of young Mr. Dixey. Mr. Dixey is the leading spirit of it; and we saw it in New York last November, and wondered why it was so extraordinarily successful. The Americans—some of the shrewdest of playgoers—were laughing at it for about the thousandth time. They laughed at it very much more than they laughed at "The Mikado," which was the problem for us. Our readers, perhaps, when Mr. Dixey comes, will help us to solve it. But, meantime, this, which is at all events the frank record of a tremendous success on the other side of the water, may also term itself the "puff preparatory."

## MUSIC.

## THE RUBINSTEIN RECITALS.

HERR RUBINSTEIN gave the first of his series of concerts last Monday afternoon at St. James's Hall. The eminent pianist will, in the course of the seven concerts which are announced, play, as it were, a history of clavier music from the time of Queen Elizabeth to that of Queen Victoria. The programmes include many illustrious names. It was, of course, difficult to find a place for all who deserved it, but we think that Dussek, quite as much as Clementi, ought to have been represented; and, several modern composers besides, notably Brahms. Instead, however, of any further fault-finding, we will acknowledge that the programmes contain a grand array of names, and that the list of pieces is what Dominie Sampson would have called prodigious. On Monday afternoon the programme commenced with choice specimens of two old English masters—Bird's Variations on "The Carman's Whistle," and John Bull's Variations on "The King's Hunting Jigg." They were well rendered, but Herr Rubinstein achieved far greater success in the five characteristic pieces by Couperin, and three of Rameau's "Pièces de Clavecin." The quaintness and charm of these little tone-pictures is irresistible when interpreted by such an artist. They were all much appreciated, especially the comical "Reveil Matin" and graceful "La Bandoline" of Couperin, and the still more comical "La Poule" and charming "Rappel des Oiseaux" of the later composer, Rameau.

Italy was represented by Domenico Scarlatti, and the pieces selected were the famous Cat's Fugue and the Sonatas in A. The former was beautifully rendered, but in the latter the pianist took the perilous movement at a pace which would have astonished the old master could he have heard it. Sebastian Bach was worthily represented by some of his "Wohltemperirte Clavier" Preludes and Fugues, his grand Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue, and two or three movements from the Suites. The solidity of touch and neatness of mechanism were remarkable; but the somewhat rough reading of the Fugue was not quite to our taste. Handel, Bach's great rival, next claimed attention. Several movements from the Suites were given, and among them "The Harmonious Blacksmith." In this last piece Herr Rubinstein aroused the enthusiasm of the audience; but not by legitimate means, for he took the three last variations at a rate scarcely intended by the composer. His interpretation of the Air and Variations from the third suite of the first collection was in part spoilt by some *tours de force*. It is much to be regretted that a pianist so gifted as Herr Rubinstein should condescend to these little tricks. No one doubts his power of playing rapid passages in octaves; and when he comes to the modern schools, he will have many an opportunity of displaying his ability. This touching up of the old masters is one of the pianist's weaknesses. We mention it; but Herr Rubenstein, with his great talent, must not be judged as an ordinary man. His playing, generally, is so pure, noble and grand, that one can forgive him for allowing the *virtuoso* sometimes to prevail over the artist. After four short pieces by C. P. E. Bach, Haydn's fine Theme and Variations in F minor were interpreted, and to perfection. The concert concluded with four pieces by Mozart—the Fantasia in C minor (1785), the Gigue in G major, the detached Rondo in A minor, and the "Alla Turca" (*à la* Rubinstein it might be called) from the Sonata in A. The first three were magnificently played: of the last he made a show piece. Herr Rubenstein in this first recital has proved that he visits us once again with undiminished powers; and when he enters upon the great works of

Beethoven, Schumann, Chopin, and the more modern brilliant schools, he will doubtless arouse, as in former years, immense enthusiasm. The whole of Monday's programme was given without book. His memory is still as wonderful as ever. It only remains to add that the hall was crowded, and that Herr Rubinstein was recalled at the close of the performance.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

## RECENT CONCERTS.

MR. CARRODUS, our best English violinist, gave an Orchestral concert last Thursday evening at St. James's Hall. The programme included two works which have not been heard for a considerable time. The first was Molique's fifth Violin Concerto. Mr. Carrodus knows well how to interpret the graceful, clever, and, at times, piquant music of his revered master. At first he showed signs of nervousness; these, however, soon disappeared, and he played with his accustomed purity and brilliance. The other work was Sir A. Sullivan's Symphony in E, produced at the Crystal Palace in 1866. It contains much of interest, especially in the first movement—the best, to our mind, of the four. The work was conducted by the composer, and well received. With the exception of the violin pieces, the whole of the instrumental music was English. The concert commenced with Mr. Mackenzie's orchestral ballad, "La Belle Dame sans Merci," conducted by the composer; and concluded with Sir G. Macfarren's spirited Overture, "Chevy Chase." Mrs. Clara Samuell was the vocalist. Mr. Carrodus deserves praise for making his enterprise essentially English: we refer to performers as well as to works performed. It is well sometimes to see that unassisted native talent can give a good account of itself.

Señor Sarasate gave his third orchestral concert at St. James's Hall last Saturday afternoon. The success of the previous concerts was more than maintained. The player had two works eminently suited to display his wonderful command of the finger-board, and his refined and brilliant style; and of these he took fullest advantage. These were the *Fantaisie Ecossaise*, by Max Bruch, for violin and orchestra, and the *Raff Suite*, with the famous *Moto perpetuo*. Besides these, Señor Sarasate had a further and special opportunity of exhibiting his taste and skill in his solo, "Le Chant du Rossignol." The concert-giver, as usual, did not rely solely on his own powers to attract, although he could safely have done so. He provided an excellent programme, including one of Liszt's most pleasing symphonic poems, "Les Préludes," Meyerbeer's "Struensee" Overture, and Beethoven's "Turkish March" from "The Ruins of Athens." We are glad to see that the Mackenzie Violin Concerto, played at the second concert, will be repeated at the fifth and last.

A selection from Mr. C. V. Stanford's music to the "Eumenides" was performed at the third Richter concert last Monday evening. We wrote about the work when it was performed last year at Cambridge. We need not, therefore, enter into detail, except to say that No. 4, "The Binding Hymn," again appealed to us as one of the most characteristic and effective numbers. The chorus consisted of the members of the Cambridge Musical Society, who took part in the Cambridge performances of the play. At the close Mr. Stanford was called to the platform. Wagner's name, so strongly connected with these concerts, was not in the programme. The rest of the music was contributed by Berlioz, Beethoven and Bach—or, we ought to say, Bachrich. If Herr Richter wishes to play Bach he can choose from that master's concerti and suites, and the public will be glad to hear

them; but, we think, he was most unwise in presenting a suite made up of movements from various works of Bach for violin and arranged for string orchestra by a certain Herr Bachrich. Nothing can excuse such a process of disarrangement. The performance of Beethoven's A major Symphony was an extremely fine one, and so also was that of Berlioz's wild but clever "Franc Juges" overture.

A new Symphony, in C major and minor, by M. Saint-Saëns, was produced at the fifth Philharmonic concert on Wednesday evening. The composer has added considerably to the orchestra which satisfied the great masters; but, with the increase of sound, there does not seem to be a corresponding increase of wealth of idea. The instrumentation, indeed, seems at times intended rather to conceal the poverty of thought. M. Saint-Saëns is a clever workman; and if some of his effects of orchestration are tricky, there is nevertheless a good deal of ability displayed. Besides extra instruments for the orchestra, the pianoforte and organ are employed. The latter instrument is, we believe, used for the first time in a symphony. The idea of the pianoforte was perhaps suggested by Berlioz's "Fantaisie sur la Tempête." The symphony is novel, and, we may say, puzzling in form: rhapsody would be a more fitting title for the work. We must hear it again before venturing to express a definite opinion respecting its merits. M. Saint-Saëns conducted his composition, and played besides Beethoven's Concerto in G, but with more dash than feeling. The programme commenced with Haydn's charming Symphony in E flat (No. 8 of Salomon set). Mdme. Antoinette Stirling was the vocalist.

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